This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07481472 8

WOMEN AND OTHER WOMEN

4/4. 17 R.

WOMEN AND OTHER WOMEN

ESSAYS IN WISDOM

by

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

NEW YORK
DUFFIELD & COMPANY
1908

THE
PUBLIC LIB
748983
ASTOR, LENOX A-D
12

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY
DUFFIELD & COMPANY

4683

814
H19

To
My Friend
MARY WILSHIRE

DEAR MARY:

Many of these papers were written under your roof and with your inspiring criticism, that builds rather than destroys, to help them into being. It is a happiness to me to associate this volume with your name, as it is a greater happiness to know myself your friend. And though the book may be evanescent enough, I dare to believe that the friendship is of enduring quality.

Yours,
HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FORERUNNERS	1
THE ARRIVAL OF WOMAN	16
THE SOUL OF THE CELTIC RACE	29
WOMAN IN ALL AGES	35
WOMEN AND GARDENS	45
SEX AND SOCIETY	52
POPE'S LADY MARY	65
PICTURES OF ENGLAND	79
THE PARISH CLERK OF OLD	95
MR. SLICER ON HAPPINESS	106
THE NEW HERO	112
NAZIMOVA	117
FOOTSTEPS	127
THE WISDOM OF ANIMALS	131
VISION	143
A RECORD OF QUEENS	151

1916 DEC

PAGE

LOVE AS A JOKE 170

MAIA 177

THE SENSE OF DUTY 182

ADVICE TO A GIRL 190

CINDERELLA 199

THE VALLEY ROAD 205

THE BURNING BUSH 212

PROPERTY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

FORERUNNERS

THERE has been much noise in the world, clatter and turmoil, and the hand-to-hand struggle with the forces of nature and between man and man. So much as almost to smother the finer music of that spiritual progress which is the only real and abiding advance man may make. The material acts of life are not its real acts, but of necessity it is they that are recognised. When Cæsar shook the world with the hurled missile of his legions, that world hailed him in terror and admiration as its master. Cæsar, however, died, and his conquests dropped away and mattered no more. Yet there was something that survived.

For the spirit of humanity, reaching at that time its apogee in Cæsar, had recognised an immense fact—had taken a decided upward step on its long spiral ascent.

The world took no interest in this achievement, for it was enacted in silence and loneliness; belonged, indeed, to a following generation. Nevertheless, for the first time the idea dawned that man was essentially one—that the world was a unit, not a disintegrated mass fortuitously held together by chance. To Cæsar, still wrapped in the garments of his age, it was a unity to be held by force, to be commanded and possessed; but the idea had come and would pass away no more... Albeit in a bloody and desperate way, yet vitally, humanity knew itself as potentially a whole.

When Arthur founded his Round Table the eternal forward sweep marked its flood again. Through the long and cruel years it had grown steadily. Christ had come and told the secrets of the soul in words so simple, yet so comprehensive, that after centuries we scarcely begin to understand them. But He spoke to the farthest future as well as to His present, for He was the Expressor of Eternity, not of Time. Arthur simply indicates how far toward that diviner future the human spirit had, in his

day, climbed. In him man saw that he was one not because of selfish force, but by virtue of nobility, faith and love. Not terror of another, but love for that other was the real bond. Many years must pass before this truth could find a place in all but a few hearts. It was, however, incarnate, and might not perish. Centuries of darkness followed. Yet ever, here and there, king or captain, priest or poet, uttered a shining prophecy, hailed the light that continued to dawn. St. Francis sings its sweet and steady rise in his canticles of love. To him the fact of an overpowering unity was perceptible in everything—in the flower, in the cloud, in life, in death itself.

It is not to every generation that these forerunners are granted, but they stand as guideposts at those cross-roads where man's destiny hesitates, or seems to hesitate. This advancing spirit seizes on the man it needs with a suddenness, a passion, almost terrifying. It uses him for that purpose, and he does little else than fulfil that purpose. Happiness and peace are not usually his. Thus it takes hold of Lincoln's great heart

and lofty mind, shining from those deep eyes, so tragic with their mortal burden, so burning with their immortal vision. Such men may not always be able to explain themselves, may not, indeed, see what it is they are. But they do see by a light that is to come and answer to voices which others will not hear for many years. It is by them that we must measure the rise of humanity, and we have only to contrast Cæsar with Lincoln to perceive many things. Page by page the mysterious book we read opens. Some of us make out only a word or two, some spell no more than a few letters, and to such it is meaningless enough. But there are others who begin to catch its drift and to guess, no matter how blindly, at its mighty message. While a few there are who have already turned to the next chapter and are studying those strange new words which the coming generation will speak in familiar talk and teach as an A, B, C to their children.

Earlier days needed their battle leaders and the battle cry to awaken, to incite them. Humanity must be hewn and pounded

together with sword and battleaxe. Nowadays it is no longer so. We may still walk the path of blood, but it is no longer our normal nor our direct way. Against whom, indeed, should we fight? What Cæsar saw in antithesis and Lincoln with wise love we are all coming to see. We can fight only ourself, and the sword we sheath in another is driven into our own bosom. Both in our good and in our evil we are one, and what we break down, only we can rebuild. Nor would there be a thief nor a murderer in the world were it not that he has in the soul of the most innocent among us a secret abiding place. You may imprison or kill him; but not until you root him utterly out of that fastness within yourself will he cease to be. Nor would it be possible for the wisest and the noblest to exist unless the lowest of all held within himself the germs of that nobility and wisdom. We are all one man, and the seeming stranger is no other than the visible expression of the height or depth of that one soul, of which each of us is at once the most infinitesimal part, and the sum.

In reading Maurice Maeterlinck we are inevitably conscious of being in the company of ideas and realisations which are thus on the edge of the next cycle of human experience. There are mists about us, and the ground is doubtful under our feet. Our veins thrill with the subtile excitement of discoverers as we take uncertainly the steps which our children's children will tread so easily and firmly. That spiritual advance which the race is making finds in this writer a chance to indicate along what line its van is moving. The coming order is quick in him, and when he speaks the words it gives him to speak he tells us the truth; if he strives to explain or to annotate he is lost. But he is himself conscious of this and does not often attempt it.

"A time will come, perhaps—and many things there are that herald its approach—a time will come, perhaps, when our souls will know each other without the intermediary of the senses. Certain it is that there passes not a day but the soul adds to its ever-widening domain. It is very much nearer our visible self, and takes a far

greater part in all our actions than was the case two or three centuries ago."

Man's control over matter has achieved, as he who runs knows, a wonderful power during the past few decades. That which is under control ceases to exist; that is, its force ceases as an antagonistic objective thing. For many of the acts of life time and space have vanished. Nature is neither the titan nor the tyrant of earlier days. With our spiritual development her power slips away. Before long this weight of matter, these natural laws that crushed and hampered us at every turn, will have disappeared—noiseless and unobtrusive as a perfect servant, unseen and unheard they will do our work for us. And then? It is an interesting speculation.

Is it not true that the most difficult thing we can attempt is to reveal ourself to another? We have veiled ourselves in words, we have clothed ourselves in signs, we have shrunk behind dummies fantastically unlike ourselves. Who does not know loneliness of soul, and who is there that has not said to himself, when this isolation

presses very close, "I am alone. I have no language but my own, which none other understands and which I may teach to none"? Is this isolation to pass away?

"It is idle to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another."

Is our growing mastery of the outside world a symbol of what we are to accomplish with ourselves? Is our brother to be indeed our brother and not the stranger who has so long met our unrevealing gaze with a look as unfathomable?

"Is it thoroughly clear to you that if there be evil in your heart your mere presence will probably proclaim it to-day a hundred times more clearly than would have been the case two or three centuries ago? . . . though you assume the look of a saint, a hero, or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unapproachable smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice, or a brother's tears. One hundred years ago the soul of that child would perhaps have passed unheeding by the side of yours."

Be still, says the psalm, and know that I am God. Be still, and in that stillness you will at last hear the only voice that is eternal and universal. Life accomplishes itself within and not without. The lover who kills his mistress or the husband who avenges his "honour" is not experiencing the real emotions of life. It is not in outside act or frantic gesture that life abides, but in the deep and secret regions of the soul . . . it is in the moment that precedes or follows a kiss that soul meets soul.

Maeterlinck is full of intimations, of prophecies. It is of something impending that he speaks . . . "I will not linger on this subject, for the time has not come for the discussion of these things," he says, almost as though oppressed by the sense of the unarrivedness of what he is trying to express. He speaks, as it were, a wisdom not his own, and it is not what he tells us, still less such conclusions as he occasionally draws, that makes the value of his work. It is, rather, the unconscious movements of his mind and heart that we feel through his beautiful words and phrases. These

movements, these perceptions and intuitions, are new. There are no words yet into which they may crystallise or forms by which we may handle them. But to our own prophetic souls they make a deep appeal, and we are conscious of them in some subtle unnamed manner, a manner that is in itself a proof of the truth of what Maeterlinck is experiencing. In his "Life of the Bee" he draws with infinite detail every least incident and amazing fact. The observation, patience, and love in this book are enough in themselves to fill us with admiration. But it is not alone the life of the bee that we read as we turn the pages: it is much more than that. Together with the writer we have entered a new place. Looking with him through the glass that covers and reveals the mystery of the hive, we watch, as it were, the spiritual activity of the world itself, and hear through the hum of the swarm the undertone of a mighty explanation. It is doubtless the fact with every writer that the most valuable part of his message is that which he is unable to give. We get the shadow, not the sunlight

of his thought. But with Maeterlinck we perceive through this shadow the glow of a new light. He approaches us from a new point, along trails hitherto unblazed, and with a sincerity that does not hesitate before the possibility of making mistakes. Mistakes will always be rectified by some one or other, and it is only the small and self-conscious soul that dreads, in the search after truth, to risk being made a fool of. Physical facts often adumbrate a spiritual truth which is their exact opposite. Under the broken and haphazard inequalities that go to the making of the material stratum of our life there subsists a vast union. The very differences that have made this union appear impossible are the signs of its existence. For union is only possible where there is difference; that is to say, a union from which life may proceed. So we are at last realising that the apparent difference between men is but the indication of their essential oneness. Jumbled up like a puzzle map into an inchoate and futile mass, the parts of which will not fit into each other, they seem fatally in each other's

way. But behind this disintegrated heap is an idea, a plan. And it is this which Maeterlinck perceives exerting itself, moving, arranging. To his perception this drift, this development, will result in teaching man, not perhaps to think more clearly, but to love more deeply. The next generation —or it may be farther along—is one that will love first of all. To thoroughly understand is to begin to love. But there is a deeper understanding than any the mind is capable of, an understanding that is beginning to realise itself, and it is this understanding that speaks through Maeterlinck. He is, as it were, in a tiny boat on the crest of an incoming wave, whose impetus he feels, whose wonder he endeavors to describe, but whose depth and power he cannot gauge. We watch him tossing at this unfamiliar height, and marvel somewhat. The fluid that upbears him is too transparent for us to be quite sure of its existence. Still, there he is, and there must, we think, be a reason for it.

We should not expect to find, in a writer of this habit, a concise or even a logical ex-

pression of his conception of life. That is not what he gives or can give us. He is one of the forerunners, and belongs with the children of a generation we shall not live to see. They will know what he only guesses, they will explain what he can only feel. But unless the forerunners come to take the first vague steps into the future, no steps will be taken and the race must halt. The soul is putting forth new powers, is at last bursting the heavy swaddling clothes in which it has been wrapped. It behooves us to observe and to assist.

"The bees know not whether they will eat the honey they harvest, as we know not who it is shall reap the product of the cerebral substance we shall have formed, or the intelligent fluid that issues therefrom and spreads over the universe, perishing when our life ceases or persisting after our death. As they go from flower to flower collecting more honey than themselves or their offspring can need, let us go from reality to reality seeking food for the incomprehensible flame, and thus, certain of having fulfilled our organic duty, preparing ourselves

for whatever may befall. Let us nourish this flame on our feelings and passions, on all that we see and think, that we hear and touch, on its own essence . . . a time will come when all things will turn so naturally to good in a spirit that has given itself to the loyal desire of this simple human duty, that the very suspicion of the possible aimlessness of its exhausting effort will only render the duty the clearer, will only add more purity, power, disinterestedness and freedom to the ardour with which it still seeks."

Sometimes, looking deep into the eyes of a child, you are conscious of meeting a glance full of wisdom. The child has known nothing yet but love and beauty—all this piled-up world knowledge you have acquired is unguessed at by him. And yet you meet this wonderful look, that tells you in a moment more than all the years of experience have seemed to teach. Something within yourself responds and understands. For within you, too, is this deep wisdom of love that has never known evil, that lies buried under what has been your life. If

you have really lived you have also acquired another wisdom, the wisdom that experience brings. Most of us draw only on this later wisdom to meet the exigencies of life or to develop the possibilities of our own souls. Maeterlinck's message seems to say that this sleeping princess within us is the real queen of our spirit. We must somehow find her again; and with the kiss of that meeting a whole world that now seems dead will waken to life, and many things will be possible to us. We need the wisdom that is gained through loss and sorrow and evil; but we need, too, that pure and wonderful wisdom that transcends any knowledge, that comes from a source we are not aware of. Nor can we read this writer without feeling that he has found a way into the enchanted forest, and that the princess already smiles in her sleep.

THE 'ARRIVAL' OF WOMAN

WE all know since childhood that if we see a white horse and make a wish before thinking of his tail, the wish is sure to come true. The difficulty is no greater than to see anything at all nowadays and make a wish before thinking of woman in connection with it. Time was when you might peacefully survey the industries and professions of the world, nor be disturbed by the least thought of her—those times are past, probably forever. Think of it: here she is, explaining herself, writing about herself. That fact alone is singularly significant. For ages men have explained her, discussed her, placed her. They argued deeply over the reason why she should have only twenty-eight teeth, while man had thirty-two. Several valuable conclusions had been arrived at and more were nebularly imminent, when some mathematically

inspired soul, counting her teeth, found she had the same number with himself. Perhaps momentarily dashed, man nevertheless went on with his work—discovering, analysing, computing woman, and telling us everything we know about her—or at least all we knew until, recently, she began explaining herself. She had made a few efforts to do so before, but the kindly laughter of man on these occasions is still ringing down the years.

One of woman's first discoveries on her own hook was that she was a human being: neither fiend nor angel, chattel nor toy, but a human being. This discovery was so simple and so true that it is even now very largely doubted. We can many of us put up with a good deal, but to ask us to believe that a woman has about the same struggle with the world, with her passions and ideals, as man, is too much.

Back in prehistoric times a small idea began to revolve around the world, increasing through the Middle Ages and pre-modern times until it bulked as huge as the sun in heaven. This original tiny idea was based

on the fact that man is physically stronger than woman. Perfectly true, even to this day, but illustrative of the harm a fact can work. For if to every argument which is brought up you oppose one and the same absolutely true statement, you bewilder people so much that they fail to perceive that the statement, however true, is irrelevant.

From time to time, as the idea rolled on, involving all other ideas on women in its circumference, some woman or some group of women endeavoured to hold it back, to dissipate it. Sappho and her circle of radiant pupils made their effort; in Rome again its course was stopped for a while; in the Renaissance and during the French Revolution it ceased to increase; it hung suspended and motionless. But not before the nineteenth century was well-grown and lusty did that huge, heterogeneous mass of false conceptions and conventions wabble over the edge of the earth and vanish into space. A number of dismayed persons grabbed handfuls out of its disintegrating sides as it heaved itself off, and these hand-

fuls they toss excitedly into the air before the amused eyes of the rest, who feel somewhat as though they were watching the sleight-of-hand performances at Barnum's. These small agitated balls have various high-sounding names—Feminine Propriety, Woman's Sphere, Homemaker, Privileges vs. Rights. There are plenty of them, and some of them are very attractive. For the angel-fiend-chattel-toy notion had its lovely appurtenances, its magic glitter. Every wrong, however intolerable, has its ameliorations. Slavery was not without beauty, though it warped both master and slave. The Feudal system developed not a few fine traits, and much moonlit romance vanished when it ended. So the subjection of woman had its exquisite side. Chivalry was born because of it, and man's soul is a bigger and finer soul because Chivalry had its part in building it. The delicacy, the refinement, of woman herself is largely owing to it. It lasted long enough to press both man and woman into a certain form. What is harmful or absurd in it will pass; we must see to it that its good endures

The other day, between the acts of "A Doll's House," with Nora interpreted by the great Russian, Alla Nazimova, I listened to the talk of two young women behind me.

"Isn't she a darling?"

"Yes; but I suppose she's going to get caught on account of those stories."

"What stories?"

"Why, you know she lies about the macaroons—and about that awful man who comes in—and then the money——"

"Oh, well!—if you want to call those lies. I'd like to know what else she could do? Think what a life that husband of hers would lead her if she didn't fool him—why, that sort of creature'd be unbearable unless you managed him! I only hope I could be as bright about it myself! Nonsense, that isn't lying; it's just being clever. You've simply got to get ahead of that sort of man or where would you be?"

There is the child type, the subject type having no definite ideas as to right and wrong in themselves or as factors in the formation of character, but very strong perceptions as to how to adjust itself to the

personal vagaries of whoever comes most in friction with it. It creates an unreal world to live in, and becomes unreal itself to fit that world. Nora is a symbol of modern woman dropping her false views, her hypocrisy, her screens and shaded lights, to face the sunshine and dark of the real world, learning not through man, but with man, what life is. Nora's husband sinks down in despair as she leaves him; but her departure is only apparent. In reality she is for the first time approaching him. She is beginning to speak his language, she is listening, not to what he tells her about life—that is finished—but to what he himself hears about life.

All this cannot mean that men and women are the same. They are of course immensely different. But the world in which they live is the same, calculated as well for the one as the other; surely to be improved by the joint and wise efforts of both. The successful activities of mankind are based on accurate knowledge and draw from love and wisdom. Woman brings more of the emotional, man more of the intellectual mate-

rial to the cosmos. Woman, if she is what she may be, experiences existence more directly than man. What he achieves by way of the understanding she often already possesses through feeling. What is called her unaccountability, subtlety, mystery, are proofs of this. She is more elemental and therefore less explainable. A man will reason a thing out or be reasoned out of it. A woman is simply conscious of it, and being conscious, cannot be reasoned out of it. This consciousness of hers must necessarily be guided by reason; but it has a value of its own, and may not inaptly inspire its guide. The strange intuitions and immense convictions of the heart are as necessary as the marvellous calculations or wide philosophy of the mind in the sum of life. The two amalgamate as do light and heat in the sun, distinct yet homogeneous, only perfect in conjunction, neither of them greater than the other, and each enhancing the other.

It seems probable that woman's mental body, like her physical one, is complementary to and harmonious with man's, n

identical with it. She can perhaps write a book or make a statue or picture as great as his, but it won't be the same kind of book or work of art as that which comes from him. When it is that, it is merely imitative and smaller—it isn't genuine. Doubtless there is a touch of man in every woman, even as most men have something of their mother in them. But it's the woman in woman that concerns us; there's more of it, and it is what makes her her. Yet a number of advanced women seem to resent the fact that they are and must remain feminine. Indeed, they come perilously near proving that they aren't and won't. But though the flood of their talk sweeps away many uncomfortable truths bobbing near them, it ends by rising so high that they themselves are engulfed. There is something wrong with the woman who looks on man as her enemy. A great many of him is horribly mistaken about her, but he is getting over that; and he has often proved her best friend. He may be rough with us in the Subway and sarcastic in the reviews, but meet him face to face, and he will roar

you as gently as any sucking dove. Thou he claims a sixth sense, that of humo over us, and has an ineradicable conv tion that no woman can understand a b game, he really likes us—but he undou edly prefers us as women. And why sho we wish to be men? When we think h he, with all his advantages, sometimes fa short, it seems a hopeless task for us assume.

"Nature," says Dr. Johnson, "ga woman so much power that it is fortun the law gives her so little." Passionate a the arguments for and against Woman S frage, but it is difficult to see what beari on our mental or moral development t thing has. We are at perfect liberty broaden ourselves in any direction choose; to make money in business, the p fessions, or the arts, to have our clubs, run our motors, even to speak at the di ners where the radicals, the advance-gua of to-morrow, struggle with pale, cold fo and hot, scarlet words. Man has a rig to do some of the work of the world unaid and undisturbed. He can't bear our ch

dren for us, and it seems only fair that he should be allowed to stuff the ballot-box, since he feels that way about it. In New Zealand the women do vote, Maoris and all, and New Zealand is a Halcyon isle, as we all know. But its halcyonness is not due to the woman's vote; it preceded that consummation. When our Government becomes halcyon, very likely we also shall go to the polls. As long as women have to be hysterical or sharp-voiced about it, it doesn't seem worth while. We have reached the point where if all the women wanted the suffrage they would have it. Most of them don't; and those who do are the very ones who should be best satisfied with the will of the majority.

If Romance is not to perish from this earth—and who that has ever seen even the least flutter of his rainbow wings could bear to think of such a possibility?—surely then it behooves woman to remain feminine. Let her cherish the finer and nobler elements of her character, let her mind become as broad and as logical as may be, let her know what is real and what worthless,

and be frank as high noon about herse
But let her, finally, sum up into woma
even as she desires her comrade on th
earth to be, at the last account, man. If
woman is masculine, you can call her forc
ful, brilliant, broad, or many other glitte
ing, admiratory things. In the end it pr
duces somewhat the same feeling as if yc
had named her amiable and said she had
good heart; one is simply conscious that th
business in hand is to be as agreeable a
possible, and that truth is to courtesy a
customs do to kings. The unsexed woma
still labours under the curse of our sex, u
reality. It is our besetting sin, probably t
legitimate heritage of a long train of even
of handicaps, of makeshifts. The time
come to put an end to it, and to accomp
this we must bring out all the reserves
courage, energy, and sincerity we may
possessed of. A woman might, to be s
retort that she is not the only exponer
this sin. Witness the mass of shilly-
lying literature produced by men as w
by women, the lack of enthusiasm in
fronting disagreeable truths, the ter

to pretend that the wish is the fact. But she is, after all, at the bottom of this. Men probably speak the truth to themselves, although they have got largely out of the habit of speaking it to her. Our tendency to pretend that we live in an unreal and supposedly pleasanter world, thereby shirking responsibilities which a more valid attitude would give us, is not unlikely handed down to our sons as well as to our daughters. The former have had it knocked out of them more than the latter because, until recently, they alone were forced to face realities. But some of it stuck, even with them.

To live within a plaster cast, however graceful its stride or comely its exterior, is neither dignified nor healthful. Better to smash it and stagger out with whatever lack of balance and odd contortions may supervene. This woman has accomplished, and if her first steps were wavering, were even grotesque, they yet possessed a seriousness, a purpose, that soon carried them beyond laughter, scorn, or doubt, that is bringing them to a new earth, perhaps to a

new heaven. There have been remai
women in all ages of history: it re
for this age to prove that a woman
not be remarkable in order to stand si
side with man. It is her natural place
it will be infinitely more comfortabl
him as well as for her when she shall
finally occupied it.

THE SOUL OF THE CELTIC RACE

THE wild, tender, and poignant elements that enter into the make-up of the human heart are written large in the Celtic race. With them much that seems lost to the world, so overcrowded with grim and utilitarian detail, still finds a fervid life. Dark and mysterious fancies linger there in hearts that carry to this day echoes of fairy music, half terrible, half beautiful. They are, as it were, the last of the children in a grown-up world, doomed to perish either by actual death or by achieved maturity. The haunted wonder of their dreams shines in eyes darkened by this approaching fate. For though they are children, they are also poets, who look before and after and pine for what is not. They are few, and they speak a language whose rules and intonations are scarcely less known to the rest of the world than are the spirit and the passions these strange

words clothe. Around their islands is the everlasting murmur of the sea, and over their hills the wind forever calls. Something of these two elements seems inextricably woven in with their lives, and when they tell us tales or answer our questions it is more as though we listened to the sighing of the waves or the tumult of the storm than to simple human voices. Half hidden in the mists of their country, they loom strangely on our sight, seeming greater than ordinary men, and yet shadowed by vaster shapes that impose on their lives, crushing or raising them as may be. They are like people who have stepped within the fairy ring and been enchanted. They no longer belong quite to this world, yet they have lost the way to another. But the vision abides with them, and what they say has virtue. They still keep an altar and a fire, and when the world is weary of its workshops and its ashes it may be glad to turn to these strange, sad guardians of the sacred flame for a spark whereby to light its torch once more. Sad they are in their lonely isles, listening to the burden of the

sea and the wail of the wind, and holding converse with so much that but for them has ceased to speak to the children of men. "It is Destiny," they say, when sorrow or loss or death or terror befall. Even the tiny child lisps the words, playing by the shore. It is Destiny. Something almost visible, almost tangible, immensely near and real. Here they are, with their hot hearts and poet souls, and the stones to sleep upon. Destiny!

Who can write of such a people? Not even, it seems, one of themselves. But some one or something, who was and is not and never was. A mystery, a riddle, a bodyless creature, a woman working through a man's hand, the feminine half of his soul, awake when he sleeps, a "possession" that he knew and loved, himself and not himself. A name and a voice, but never a form to look on or a face to know. Such a one it is who has written story upon story and poem after poem where are caught the mystery, the spirit, the song of the Celt.

In the two volumes lately issued we have the romance "Pharais" and a collection of

short stories and impressions. Both
umes have a dedicatory introduction as
quisite as anything which follows.
first is the well-known one to George M
dith. Who will forget that backgroun
land and sea, or the little child sobl
under the weight of the "Gloom," or
old kelp burner? And the author's phr
"The living God, the dying World, and
mysterious Race of Men," weighs on
spirit as one reads the stories. It is
good, perhaps, to read too many of tl
consecutively. It is like entering a h
beautifully builded, whose casements c
on perilous seas and faerie lands, but wl
is haunted. Old, unhappy, far-off thou
disturb you, an unexplainable sorrow f
your heart. Wrong and injustice have t
enacted here, the very beauty itself is t
of suffering. But this feeling fades a
you have laid the book by and dreamed
it a while. For there remains, stron
than the gloom which filled the baby's
with the tears of her race, an enthusia
a vivid rapture, a worship for what is
and rare and elemental, for that pure po

of life than which nothing, it may be, is more inspiring. The Sin Eater, dying lashed to his cross in the turmoil of waves. The beautiful, mad poet-husband sitting beside his dead wife and smiling into the eyes of his own approaching death. The lovers burning in their enchanted sleep—we see them all with the eyes of Alison Achanna, that had been anointed with fairy ointment and "must see all that is hideous and ugly and dreary and bitter through the glamour of beauty." This little exquisite story, indeed, is it not the key to the whole matter? "In the places they call slums and among the smoke of factories and the grime of destitution I could see all that other men saw, only as vanishing shadows. What I saw was lovely, beautiful with strange glory, and the faces of men and women were sweet and pure, and their souls were white."

Is this the secret of the Celt? Have fairy fingers reached up through the heather and touched his eyes, so that he sees further than we do, sees beauty where we see ugliness, purity where we are confronted by evil, light through the gloom that seems to shroud

him? These stories, though there is murder, tragedy, and loss woven into them, still speak, in the sum, the word of nobility, fervour, courage. Books of vision and dream, Fiona calls them. "Twilight voices are sweet, if faint and far, and linger lovingly in the ear." Something within us listens to such voices with a peculiar delight. Something almost lost or almost come, who knows? Something, at least, which, never existent, would leave us poor indeed. For who shall measure the value of a dream, an enthusiasm, a conviction? Most of us nowadays are afraid to believe anything utterly, to care for anything desperately, to loosen entirely our grasp of the material. Not so with these Celts and Gaels. It is easy not to fear another—they do not fear themselves. To a hesitant and self-conscious age they speak a flaming word. Not wittingly do they speak it, perhaps, nor may we be quite aware of hearing it. Yet it has its place in the world's language, along with all the other strange and various words, nor could even the most prosaic and cold-hearted among us be entirely explained without it.

WOMAN IN ALL AGES

WHENCE that absurd term, "New Woman"? It is some years since Plato affirmed that women should receive the same training as men, and that the gifts of nature were equally diffused in both sexes. "One woman is a philosopher and one is an enemy to philosophy; one woman has spirit and another is without spirit. All the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women, and in all of them woman is only a lesser man." It is probable that Aspasia and others of the Hetaira class in Athens were responsible for this high opinion. Women of the widest culture and great charm, women who thought deeply, spoke wittily, loved the arts as well as divine philosophy, and in the case of Aspasia, at least, strove to arouse their sisters to a loftier conception of their destiny, their possibilities, hoping, perhaps, to prove that a woman

could be at once the wife and the compa
ion of a man.

"What strikes one most is a perplex
and baffled look which the whole face pr
sents—as of some lifelong anguish resultin
from some contest which no mortal coul
wage successfully—not without a touch
exquisite sweetness, tenderness, and cha
ity. Could it be the struggle in behalf
her sex?" So speaks Professor Donaldso
of the portrait bust of Aspasia.

We women of this age need desire
better fortune than to have a chronicler
once so gentle and so just—being a woma
I must needs think him just—as the
women of ancient Greece and Rome ha
found in the writer of this book. It has th
buoyancy and freshness of a spring day,
frank love of beauty, an invincible convi
tion that the generous and fine is the re
and important side of human nature. Gr
cious and lovely forms move through th
pages. We hear the laughter of your
Nausicaa, the wise words of Aspasia an
Portia; we see the golden sunshine of Mit
lene gleam on the heads of Sappho and h

maidens, those friends, those pupils, the Lesbian so passionately loved. "I think Sappho was beautiful," says Dr. Donaldson. Therewith he draws a portrait of her which should convince the dullest doubter that beautiful she was in form and spirit, the exquisite mortal incarnation of her own immortal poems. She, too, loved her sex, endeavouring to raise it to greater freedom and understanding—"women in all ages who have dared to help forward the progress of their sex have been slandered and reviled," says our author, in partial refutation of the host of misrepresentations that have gathered about Sappho's lovely name. "She was no prude. Like the rest of her sex of that day, she thought that it was woman's destiny to love, and that the woman who tried to resist the impulse of the god tried an impossible feat." But at the same time, Dr. Donaldson finds no line in her lyrics directly addressed to any man. The tales which linked her name with Phaon's, or with men who had died before she was born or were born after her death, were the inventions of the later comic writer; her

own people honoured her as no other woman was honoured in Greece. A passionate, chaste, tender woman, filled with the ardent impulses of art and the pure power of devotion, she stands before us an example we might be happy to follow though she passed through this world so many centuries ago.

. . . . .

A clear picture of the various ideals in regard to women which prevailed through the Greek, Roman, and early Christian times, and of how the women measured up to them, appears in retrospect. In Sparta the only thing a woman existed for was to bring forth strong and splendid sons. To do this she must be herself strong and splendid, and nothing that could make her so was neglected. Her bodily development was perfect, she was free and simple in her relations with men, she was chaste, fearless, proud. Cultivated she was not. Once she had borne her children she was at liberty to spend her time as she chose. Their training was in other hands. Here began the ruin of Sparta. There was a lot of women left after the mother had been accounted

for, and it was this unaccounted for part that made mischief in time.

Athens had two classes of free women—the citizens or wives and the "Hetaira," or companions. Here a new ideal had come into being, that of intellectual intercourse between the sexes, though as yet it was not conceived possible that one woman could combine the two occupations of childbearer and friend. The wife was an isolated, ignorant creature, and she grew more and more hopelessly ineffectual; while the companions, though many among them were noble women, were yet desperately unprotected and at the mercy of whatever was low and base in man—"they had to fight a battle with dreadful odds against them; they succumbed, but which of us would have resisted?" So Athens passes.

. . . . .

The Roman matron is next in the spiral of existence. First, no more than a slave of her husband, who has over her the power of life and death, who can divorce her or be unfaithful to her as he pleases, she having no redress, no voice. But a Roman was not

a Roman, were she but a woman, for nothing. Gradually she emancipated herself, slowly she rose to a place beside her husband, finally she stands with him, a fit mate for the master of the world. She might teach him how to live, she taught him also how to die. When Pætus hesitated to put himself to death at the command of the Emperor Claudius, his wife Aria plunged a dagger into her heart, drew it out and offered it to him, with the words, "Pætus, it does not pain."

The Romans made marriage a free contract between both parties, and Juvenal says: "If you are not going to love the woman who has been by a legal agreement betrothed to you, there seems to be no reason why you should marry her." I don't see how we could improve on that statement even at this day.

During the glorious years of the Roman supremacy her women show themselves virtuous, firm, jealous of their freedom and their dignity; they are loving wives, adequate companions, they manage their households with tact and propriety, nor were they

thought unworthy of advising their husbands on questions of state and government. In the decadence Professor Donaldson still finds much to say in their favour; he adduces proof to show that whatsoever of good remained was chiefly centred in them, and he thinks the stories of their depravity have been greatly exaggerated.

. . . . . .

It is popularly supposed that the advent of Christianity worked a mighty change for the better in the status of women. Dr. Donaldson does not agree with this view. During the first three centuries of the Christian era he finds her position lower and the notions regarding her more degraded than previously. The growing strength of asceticism bore a large part in this result. The exclusion of women from any participation in teaching or serving Religion—unless it were as a martyr in the Roman Colisseum—worked to the same end. Woman's beauty came to be regarded as in itself sinful. The healthy Pagan attitude toward marriage and child-bearing was anathema to these newcomers in the world's arena. "Mar-

riage even for the sake of children was a carnal indulgence, and such thinkers could not help thinking that the arrangements of the Creator were not wholly satisfactory. They did not dare to condemn marriage, but they held that it was much better not to marry at all—that the man or woman who did not marry was a nobler and more exalted being than the man or woman who did."

. . . . .

This St. Anthony fear of the female sex could have but one result. A contempt for women, a misprision of the family arose. A hectic feeling supervened. Children were a proof of weak self-indulgence, if not actual immorality. Woman became, in the words of Tertullian, "An Eve. The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age—the guilt must of necessity live, too. You are the Devil's gateway; you are the unsealer of the forbidden tree; you are the first deserter of the divine law; you are she who persuaded him whom the Devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed so easily God's image. On account of your

desert, that is death, even the Son of Man had to die."

. . . . .

These are hard words and bespeak a hard condition. Poor woman had to begin all over again. Once more the weary path must be traversed, once more the shackles must be worn through, once more she must endeavour to make of her gaoler and master her helper and friend. Nearly two thousand years have passed and she is well on her way again. The clear and succinct portrayal of what the Greek and Roman accomplished has great interest. They did not shun the emotions nor functions of womanhood. They were healthy and beautiful, they bore healthy and beautiful children, they filled their minds with the divine words of philosophy and poetry. It was as women they excelled, and they left a pattern behind which is still an inspiration. We have our own task of fulfilment, and no one can accomplish it for us, either by act of Parliament or gallantry. It was an ardent generosity and love of beauty that made Sappho and her Grecian sisters what they

were. It was her nobility and courage t
gave the Roman woman her freedom. N
by small means nor narrow hearts are gr
deeds achieved. This is said to be woma
age. May it, two thousand years hen
have as fine a story to tell, and find as sy
pathetic a teller, as this story of long de
women has found in Dr. Donaldson!

WOMEN AND GARDENS

ASSUREDLY there is a unity between these two that has subsisted since Eve's day; a tie so intimate and sweet that should you so much as think of an old-fashioned garden there will arise before the mind's eye not alone a picture of monthly roses, foxgloves, mignonette, day-lilies, sweet william, jolly jump-ups, syringa and lilac, but also the vision of a fair face in a sunbonnet, with a hint of smiles in the blue eyes and a touch of tan on slender hands. For what then these narrow box-bordered paths unless it be for her small feet to tread? Who but she shall understand the true meaning of these blossoms that smile up from every bed and crown every shrub? Does not the rose in her cheek glow in kinship to its fellow on yonder bush, and the forget-me-not mirror itself in those others of her eyes? The lily and she are slender and

graceful, the trailing vines are inspired with the same loving tenderness that emanates from her, the passion flower is not less consciously beautiful.

For we speak of ideal woman no less than of ideal gardens.

Yet are there gardens to correspond with every type of woman. Behold those formal sheets of grass broken here and there by variously shaped plots of earth in which stand patterned rows of plants bearing stiff parti-coloured leaves. No gracious blossoms ever grew upon them, no faintest fragrance clings to them. Have we not known such women?

And other gardens there are where weeds are rank and coarse, where the flagged path is broken, the roses mildewed, the vines dishevelled and forlorn. Alas! we know her, too. Small and narrow gardens there are, where a few rough flowers nod to the breeze and flaunt a flash of yellow or scarlet in the face of every passer-by. We have known her. And then those gardens where the sweet old perennials have grown discouraged, there being no longer love to succour

them. They put forth here and there a timid blossom; the climbing roses over the broken-down rustic house scatter a shower of pale petals, and the valley lilies scarcely peep through the forest of their leaves, while the myrtle trails its sad blue flowers far across the grass-grown paths. Sweet forsaken garden, lovely still! Do we not, the fortunate among us, know thy gentle sister, and, knowing, love her?

I believe various fanciful persons have at times pictured what sort of a place this world would be were women to be eliminated from it. But I do not know that anyone has tried to fancy a world without gardens. No gardens. Vegetables grown in rows, to be sure, because man must eat. And deep woods and wild mountains and the beauty of Nature left to herself. But never a garden. No walled-in, ivy-grown space where the flowers stand hand in hand close together, smiling at the house where she who loves them dwells. No reach of lawn edged by tall perennials, shadowy in the evening light, fragrant under the noon sun. No paths wandering down marble

steps and meeting where an old dial has collected moss through the centuries. No thickets of rhododendron, rose, and laurel. No gardens at all, in fact, and if there were flowers, only such as are grown almost by machinery for the price of their yield.

Practically all children love a garden, although, being as yet ignorant of death and decay, they are perhaps prone to destroy what they love by the very ardour of their devotion. That child is indeed to be pitied whose eyes do not brighten at sight of a flower, whose little hands are not eager to work in a bed of his own, more dust than beauty, it may be, yet holding for him what not of lovely promise. Is there any magician in the fairy tales who can accomplish anything more wonderful than this transformation of withered seeds and brown earth into green and gold and purple creatures full of perfume and delight?

Indeed, is there anything much more wonderful performed year by year on this old earth? Is not this metamorphosing of ugly and naked spots into sweet-smelling paradises one of the best of the many things

which are done by any of us? It would seem so. And if he who plants a tree shall be called blessed, how about she who makes a garden?

Making a garden is an unselfish act. Even if you surround it by the highest of brick walls, the ivy will tumble over them, flowering trees wave triumphing branches higher still, and a warble of birds, a breath of fragrance, will meet the passer-by. But the garden that, while still treasuring sweet and secret recesses, gives some measure of loveliness to the world at large, it is this sort of garden that brings thanks and joy to each one who sees it, even as its sister woman makes the world she lives in a more lovable and joyous place because of her existence, albeit the full degree of her exquisiteness be known only to one or two.

Probably each one of us possesses the ideal of a garden, if not the actual thing. It may be a deep-remembered glimpse of some hushed English garden, where the larkspur grew tall as a man, and the moss-roses filled the air with perfume. Where the grass looked like velvet, and the wall-

flowers were sweeter and richer than where else. Or it may be a garden in I[illegible] statue-haunted, redolent of perfume, o[illegible] hanging a purple sea, moonlighted, an[illegible] as love itself and as immortally fair, w[illegible] flowers and myth combine to make *e* chanted ground. Perhaps it is no more tha a half acre beside a cottage where eac grass blade, each sweet-pea blossom, ha meant watchful care and love—to each see his separate vision.

For me the paths are intricate and swe with many flowers. Vines festoon them selves from tree to tree, shrubs bear blo soms manifold. Here ferns are growin thickly, there a clump of mountain laurel ha somehow taken root. Everything seems t have come here by its own volition, to gro because it is the best of all possible place in which it could grow. It is a garden wit a soul. And with the handful of quain posies you carry away is given a gentl bunch of old-fashioned love that make sweet the chambers of the heart long afte the forget-me-nots and phlox, the pansie and canterbury bells, are withered quit

away. I see the garden, warm and shadowy and fragrant in its bleak New England setting, all too rarely. But methinks the tender influence of the love that keeps it blooming will reach as far into the world as I at least shall ever get, either in space or time.

WOMAN has been the object of pl
sophical attack ever since she
gave birth to a philosopher.

A superficial opinion would tend to
idea that women and philosophers ot
by rights to be the best of friends, s
both are without the hurly-burly of life
the fiercer conflict of the struggle for
istence. Each lives to some extent s
rate from what is popularly called the
world. But their enmity—if we may
ploy so terrible a word in conjunction
so gentle a creature as either a woma
a philosopher—is, after all, fundament
inescapable. At one end of the ma
stands She, judging life from her emoti
and at the other He, judging life from
cumulations—of bones or ideas.

Having built up an intricate Palace
Truth from the frozen blocks hewn out

the great reservoir of human knowledge, what patience can the philosopher possibly have for the little creature who comes toward him with the cup of her hands filled with a few escaping drops and chattering of green grass and bubbling springs?

. . . . .

The old story tells us that it was woman who ate first of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. It is possible that a slight tinge of jealousy lingers in Adam's bosom for that small space of time when she knew more than he. Or if the story is told to intimate that it is only through the emotional side of his nature that man learns anything worth knowing, worth paying the uttermost price for, still woman may find more cause for comfort than for those pangs of shame she has so far suffered on Eve's account. But have we fallen from our high estate?

We are all familiar with the unconscious humour of the brain that proved to be smaller than the average female brain after spending its active existence in proving the latter's inferiority on the great ground of

its slighter proportions. Since then the weight of the brain has lost its value as a proof of wisdom. Professor Thomas, in his book, "Sex and Society," tells us that the Chinese brain is apt to be some seventy grammes heavier than that possessed by Occidentals, and advances other reasons to show that it is quality, not size, that counts, with brains as with oysters. No sooner, however, does woman draw a comfortable breath over this happy conclusion than she finds herself attacked in a new quarter.

Equipped with the same amount of grey matter as man, we may yet each come out at very different ends of the horn; it seems to be apparent that this is just what we have done. For it is the use to which we put our possessions that tells in the game, or the tragedy, according as you may view life—and here woman has slipped up; she hasn't so far used her grey matter sufficiently.

. . . . .

A couple of years or so ago a young German brought out a book in which he essayed to prove that woman was not a real

existence, a thing occupying space on its own account. She was simply the reflex action of man; she *was* because he *thought* her. Neither good nor evil because incapable of an individual act or conception, she was fit neither for praise nor blame. Possibly because the book opened up an alluring future utterly free from all responsibility, possibly for other reasons, edition after edition was sold. In the meanwhile Herr Weininger had satisfied right-thinking minds by going out and shooting himself. This act, so serious to himself, somehow detracted from the seriousness of his book.

Lately an advance chapter of Professor Thomas' book was published in *The American Journal of Sociology*. Woman, accustomed to being struck in one spot, and noting the title of the chapter, "Mind of Woman and of the Lower Races," felt the knife turn again. Once more the old enemy and the familiar attack. She didn't read the chapter—hadn't she heard it all before?—but she flung out a defensive hand and uttered a protesting shriek.

On the whole, she might better have read

it—or, better still, have waited for the book itself. Professor Thomas is not at all in the same galère with the defunct German boy. Among other attributes missing from the make-up of that precipitate youth, the professor has a decided twinkle in his eye, far-seeing as that member undoubtedly is. When he speaks of a comradeship existing in happy marriages which is not a true comradeship of the mind, but rather an extension of the mother instinct in woman and an outgrowth on the part of man of that "nurture and affection which it is in his nature to give to all pets and all helpless (and preferably dumb) creatures," we like the professor all the better, and feel that here is a real human being who has felt the stress of life.

. . . . .

Professor Thomas gives us women a fighting chance. He tells us we have the same weapons as man, only we have allowed them to rust. We must use the intellect we possess, measure ourselves against realities, cease from living walled up in a more or less spacious cell. Surely no more hopeful

or inspiring volume on the much-debated woman question has lately come to hand. The professor does not hesitate to rap the knuckles of modern existence sharply enough. He draws a fair picture of the life a great many among us lead. It is a condition, as he shows, brought about by man himself. Representing the more restless and energetic half of humanity, man, sharing about equally with woman in providing the working basis of life during the early history of the race, could not but turn his attention, when the necessities for warfare and hunting disappeared, to those more domestic employments until then monopolised by woman. Gradually from being helpmate woman was "reduced by man to a condition of parasitism, which, in our middle and so-called higher classes, has profoundly affected her physical, mental, and moral life. . . . There has in fact been developed a peculiar code of morals to cover the peculiar case of woman. This may be called a morality of the person and of the bodily habits, as contrasted with the commercial and public morality of man. . , . Mo-

rality, in the most general sense, represents the code under which activities are best carried on, and is worked out in the school of experience. It is pre-eminently an adult and a male system, and men are intelligent enough to recognise that neither women nor children have passed through this school." Speaking of the changeableness the exacting, unsatisfied, and absurd characteristics of some women, Professor Thomas says: "There is, therefore, a basis of truth in Pope's hard saying, 'Woman has no character at all.' Because their problem is not to accommodate to the solid realities of the world of experience, but to adjust themselves to the personality of men, it is no surprising that they should assume protean shapes."

. . . . .

It is in this lack of connection with reality that Professor Thomas finds the explanation for the modern, and especially the American, woman's restlessness, dissatisfaction, even ill-health. "Human nature was made for action; and perhaps the most distressing and disconcerting situation

which confronts it is to be played on by stimulations without the ability to function. . . . The human mind was formed and fixed once for all in very early times, through a life of action and emergency, when the species was fighting, contriving, and inventing its way up from the sub-human condition; and the ground patterns of interest have never been and probably never will be changed. Consequently all pursuits are irksome unless they are able, so to speak, to assume the guise of the early conflict for life in connection with which interests and modes of attention were developed. . . . The gamester, adventuress, and criminal are not usually abnormal in a biological sense, but have failed through defective manipulation of their attention to get interested in the right kind of problems."

A practical and normal activity for women would, the professor thinks, relieve the strain on the matrimonial situation, "a situation which is at present abnormal and nearly impossible." He alone among the arraigners of our sex maintains that it is

not lack of power, but a superimposed inability to make use of that power which imprisons us. Many women will argue that we are no longer prisoners, and will loudly point, if the expression may be permitted, to their own achievements as proof. To be sure, some of us are no longer in cages and may sing what notes we choose or be silent at our will. But the professor is speaking of woman in the mass. He says: "Not only are women unable and unwilling to be communicated with directly, unconventionally, and truly on many subjects, but men are unwilling to talk to them. . . . Even the most serious women of the present day stand, in any work they undertake, in precisely the same relation to man that the amateur stands in relation to the professional in games. They may be desperately interested and may work to the limit of endurance at times; but, like the amateur, they get into the game late and have not had a lifetime of practice, or they do not have the advantage of that pace to be gained only by competing with players of the very first rank. No one will contend

that the amateur in billiards has a nervous organisation less fitted to the game than the professional's; it is admitted that the difference lies in the constant practice. . . . A group of women would make a sorry spectacle in competition with a set of men who made billiards their lifework. But how sad a showing a group of philosophers would make in the same competition."

. . . . .

That puts Professor Thomas' attitude in the proverbial nutshell. His book is in sooth a tract for the mental enfranchisement of woman. How far he would go in this matter of making woman more like man is not quite apparent. Are their pursuits to become identical, their participation in the rough game of life the same? Several pages in the earlier part of the book are taken up in proving conclusively that no matter what her physical training, woman is inferior in strength and agility to man; but that in endurance she surpasses him. This physical difference must, it seems to us, shadow a corresponding mental difference. That we women are not as well-de-

veloped, as fine, or as efficient as we might be is beyond doubt. But that we should look forward to an identical mental efficiency with that possessed by man admits of much. Professor Thomas in his concluding paragraph admits this. But to the old argument that child-bearing renders it impossible for woman to do continuous or hard work he opposes the statement "that no work is without interruption, and childbirth is an incident in the life of normal woman of no more significance, when viewed in the aggregate and from the standpoint of time, than the interruption in the work of men by their in and out door games. The important point in all work is not to be uninterrupted, but to begin again."

There is a certain insouciance in the professor's attitude here to which woman may possibly not subscribe.

Citing many curious and interesting customs relative to the intercourse of the sexes prevailing among savage and semi-civilised races, Professor Thomas goes on to say that "chivalry, chaperonage, and conventions are the persistence of the old race

habit of contempt for women and of their intellectual sequestration." We should approach life more simply and directly than we do, not taking it second-hand from man as a moving row of shadow-shapes, but fresh and warm and breathing. The professor has a smiling contempt for unnecessary conventions and false ideals. He has a way of sticking his finger through them and pointing out their distant sources in the misty background of primitive life which must jar on their sensibilities.

It might perhaps be maintained that woman, in the simple and sometimes terrible reality of her bodily and emotional life, does come near to what is actual, vital, and enduring; nearer than man can possibly come. A confirmation is found for this in the fine wisdom, the insight, and comprehension of many women. For it is not alone by way of the intellect that wisdom is achieved. But many among us avoid this single road to actuality for one or another reason. We lose ourselves in a crowd of insignificant and useless things. We are afraid of life, and our attitude toward it is

an unhealthy attitude. Professor T
is a sincere and intelligent man, a
book is a fair and useful addition to
erature on the subject. Women had
read it with sympathy rather than hy
it will do us good.

POPE'S LADY MARY

THE extreme difference between the English and the French attitude toward women in the eighteenth century, as well as that taken by the women themselves in the two countries, is not one of the least interesting expressions of that interesting age, and is clearly shown in the voluminous memoirs and letters of the day. Letters were an all-important part of life then, summing up as they did all the news, scandal, wit, and intrigue. Character and current events found their clearest portrayal in the delicate handwriting that covered sheet sent, strangely and lengthily directed, to lovers, mistresses, friends, and relatives.

The women of that time were the beautiful, brilliant flowering of the luxury following ages of war, which supervened on a rough form of living still to be found in the smaller European Courts during the earlier

part of the century. The year 1689, which saw the birth of Lady Mary, had only just succeeded in putting an end to the vagaries and life of the eccentric Christina of Sweden. Louis the Grand had more than twenty-five years left in which to flash his splendour before the eyes of the world; in Spain Philip's accession in the first year of the century started the trouble which led to the war of the Spanish Succession. In England, William of Orange was soon to be succeeded by the dull Anne, and then by the insufferable first George. The only romance connected with the Court here was supplied by the Jacobites and their prismatic Prince, while wit or distinction were utterly foreign to it. In the glittering French Court woman played a great part, her wit, her beauty, and her intelligence finding full scope and expression, nor was there any bar to her studying anything she chose to turn her mind to. She was man's intellectual as well as emotional comrade. Her tendency was not toward pedantry, but neither did she have to pride herself on ignorance. In England, on the contrary, woman was sup-

posed to be incapable of thought, and any hint of learning, or any cloudy notion that she possessed a brain, was regarded with strong disfavour—in short, the possession of a reasoning faculty was a proof that she was unsexed. Lady Mary says, writing on this topic to the Bishop of Salisbury:

"It is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or to fancy we have any . . . and we are forced to find as many excuses as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with every other woman of quality —there is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than a learned woman."

Lady Mary, nevertheless, plunged into the study of the classics and general reading, nor did she hesitate to parade her learning before the eyes of the men of her acquaintance in spite of the prejudice she here inveighs against. Indeed, as "George Paston" (Miss M. E. Symonds) tells us, the best of the joke was that this prejudice was purely theoretical. "In actual life, on the rare occasions that men came into con-

tact with a cultivated, intelligent woma
they fell flat at her feet." In France th
hypocritical attitude seems never to have e
isted. Such women, for instance, as Juli
de l'Espinasse, who lived during the la
part of the century, were the inspiration
well as the natural outcome of French a
miration for the woman of esprit and cu
ture. Lady Mary was neither so witty n
so graceful a woman of the world as ma
among her French sisters, but she was r
markable as being one of the very few En
lishwomen to triumph over the national n
tion and show real force of mind. She w
a fit companion for the men of her tim
men such as Steele, Addison, and Pop
Her letters are already well known to
through the published volume of her cor
spondence. In this life of her the auth
has drawn largely on these as well as fr
unpublished MSS. and from Lady Mar
own memoir. Letters and extracts of l
ters from many other persons form an i
teresting and a large part of the bo
reflecting vividly the life of the day.
the personages pass before us they a

stabbed into life by the sharp pens of Lady Mary, Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, Montague Bacon, and many more. Satires, lampoons, caricatures, long-winded compliments paint this past world with all the colours of life for us. When the author speaks herself, she does so with delightful appreciation of the whole business, and links the mass of manuscript into a coherent and agreeable book.

We are given in considerable detail the history of Lady Mary's courtship by the respectable and worthy prig who became her husband. The course of their love was far from smooth, and for two years they carried on one of the most remarkable correspondences to end in marriage which has ever passed between lovers. On the lady's part there is a prudish terror of any confession of real warmth of feeling—she assures him that her friendship and esteem are ever his, but warns him against expecting any demonstration of passion. That is not her character. "I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy,

never what is fond in me." Yet t
through her letters to Wortley a
unselfish and sincere feeling, an
that has to withstand severe discipl
if there ever was a cold and lagg
this is he. He warns her consta
his temper is difficult, that he will
fied only with a devotion which
clude everyone else, for his jealou
bear to see her as much as looked
another man, and that for his part
welcome an accident which shoul
her beauty and thus take away th
tion of the world. He tells her to
"small equipage" if she consent
him, intimating that it will pro
much better for both of them if she
—asserting that his passion cou
more easily bear her loss than th
finding he was not thoroughly ap
by her. She has also to put up
constant fret of his faultfinding a
ness. Goaded beyond endurance
Mary is continually taking an etei
well or writing in a mood so far fr
as the following words express:

"My sickness was perhaps more dangerous than you think it. I have not lived long in the world [she is but 21], but long enough to be weary of it. And in the state I am in, I am very sorry I have recovered."

. . . . .

Mr. Wortley Montagu asks his lady's hand of her father, and is favourably received until the two gentlemen fall out over the question of settlements. Wortley refuses to entail all his possessions in favour of his first son, while he regards pin money as a new-fangled notion not to be countenanced by a self-respecting Englishman. The two spoiled and egotistical men are incapable of reaching an understanding, so poor Lady Mary falls between them, and very desperate she considers her situation. Finally Wortley, after backing and filling for months and covering pages with reproaches, explanations, assertions, and homilies, until one feels that every decent worm must have turned, and turned again, in pure shame for Lady Mary, achieves a postchaise and the lovers are off on a runaway match. This marriage, so carefully

deliberated upon, in which the Tempers and the Passions and the Faults and the Virtues of each of the contracting parties have been so minutely discussed, turns out badly enough. Lady Mary is soon neglected by her husband, who leaves her to live in the country while he betakes himself to London, forgetting for the most part even to write or so much as to inquire after his son. We get an amusing sketch of Lady Mary's father-in-law, Sidney Montagu:

A large, rough-looking man with a huge flapped hat, sitting magisterially in his elbow-chair swearing boisterously at the servants. Beside him sat a venerable figure, meek and mild in aspect, with silver locks overshadowed by a black velvet cap. This was his brother, the pious Dean Montagu, who every now and then fetched a deep sigh and cast his eyes upward as if silently beseeching Heaven to pardon the profane language which he condemned but durst not reprove.

Lady Mary, forced to give up her hope

of a quiet home and loving husband, and sick of solitary confinement in the country, succeeds in getting back to London, where she begins her real life. She is in the centre of the Court and literary circle of her time, with beauty, wit, and birth to assist her. She is a shrewd and keen observer, with a sharp tongue and a love of gossip. Her letters are filled with news, by which she invariably means scandal. By a lack of tact and a fondness for what she terms plain-speaking, she managed to get into a good deal of trouble of one sort and another. She is, indeed, a very human person, thoroughly interested in the haps and mishaps of those who make up her world.

Presently her husband is made Ambassador to the Porte, and she and their son accompany him to Constantinople. Here Lady Mary grows so enamoured of the mode of life that it is only with the greatest reluctance that she returns home when Wortley is recalled. Writing to the Abbé Conti, she says, after praising the Turks and their scheme of existence:

"Considering what short-lived, weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as present pleasure? . . . You know how I divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. I had rather be a rich effendi with all his ignorance than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge."

We can almost hear the famous

"Take the Cash and let the Credit go
Nor heed the Rumble of a distant Drum."

The strength of her character, as well as the un-English capacity for appreciating the value of a thing however new, is shown in her acceptance of the Turkish custom of inoculation as a safeguard against the smallpox, then so terribly prevalent. Lord Kingston, her brother, had died of it before coming of age, and she had had the disease herself. Its shadow was everywhere. Lady Mary had her children treated, and brought the treatment home with her, where, despite a storm of protest, during which she suffered quite a martyrdom, she finally got the

practice established, though the Profession stood out against it till the last.

. . . . .

The story both of her friendship and her enmity with Pope is eminently characteristic of her day. His absurd affectation of devotion, the endless silly compliments of his early, as well as the foul meanness of his later, actions belong to a world of manners far removed from our own. Lady Mary by no means kept her dignity under Pope's lash. She replied in kind, and also tried to get Lord Peterborough to interfere in her behalf. He, poor man, was loath to be mixed up in the affair, but he extracted a lame apology from the poet, who said he wondered that his lines could be applied to any but some noted common woman.

As a contrast to Pope, we have a glimpse or two of Lord Chesterfield—one where he is speaking in Parliament—"most exquisitely well . . . everything after him was dull and heavy, much circumfloribous stuff being talked on the Court side."

Lady Mary's wit sparkles throughout the book—as when she says, speaking of vari-

ous misalliances contracted by some of the women of the Court: "Women and priests never know where they shall eat their bread." Answering the old Duchess of Marlborough's surprise at seeing Mrs. Clayton wearing the diamond earrings she was known to have accepted as a bribe, she exclaims: "How are people to know where wine is sold if she does not hang out a sign?"

In her later years Lady Mary goes to Italy, where presently Horace Walpole enters the arena with letters to London full of bitter wit and sarcasm. His portrait shows him a handsome creature, but he outdoes the crooked Pope in scurrility. The latter, getting wind of his reports, writes to a mutual friend:

"Neither you delight in telling nor I in hearing the particulars which acquire such a reputation; yet I wish you had just told me, if the character be more avaricious or amatory, and which passion has got the better at last."

Indeed they were a sweet crowd, and Sir Peter Teazle would have found a pretty

chance to preach, had he been created then. Nor is a modern touch lacking:

"Matrimony is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by the young fellows. In short, the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as in a man of quality . . . you may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves but that it was done a great while ago and that we were very young when we did it."

Do we see here the dawning of our tumultuous marriage question and the birth of the bachelor girl?

Of Lady Mary's two children, her daughter married Lord Bute, and seems to have been a fine woman. Her son was a scamp and might have broken his mother's heart had she been possessed of much. She reconciles herself easily to the death of a friend or relative, is her son's severest critic, dismisses her father's death with a philosophical remark, is entirely composed over her love affairs. No divine passion flames for her, no great impulse leads her, no splendid

friendship claims her devotion. Doubtless the smallness of her husband's spirit had its effect on her own. She interests, she amuses one, but she never inspires nor thrills. Life held no illusions for her. In direct contrast to Madame Récamier, for instance, whose destiny, we have been told, was to be loved by both men and women, Lady Mary seems to have attracted more of dislike, or even hate. Her act in leaving a guinea to her son was possible only to a certain type of mind and heart. As she wrote at twenty—"I do not know whether I can love"—so she died at seventy-three, having never answered the question.

PICTURES OF ENGLAND

A MIND open and tolerant, a cool temperament, a singular adaptative power, a cosmopolitan character, yet one which feels strongly the home sentiment; so much one conceives as belonging to Mr. Hueffer, although he constantly puzzles one. What is he, whence hails he, what does he believe? Is he Protestant, Catholic, or Freethinker? Is he Englishman or foreigner? Scientist, poet, painter, aristocrat, or man of the people? The questions arise, seem to be answered, prove not to be, give place to others. It becomes almost a game of hide-and-seek between reader and writer, with the writer always behind the other door or under the wrong bed. In the end one has to be satisfied with the shadowy impression given above, plus the feeling that one would like to know the reality behind this shadow, and the surety that it is

wise, kindly, and worth while. Drawing as he does from Pre-Raphaelite sources, this evasive quality is perhaps not to be wondered at—it is a true inheritance.

As for the success of his expressed desire to interpret for us the spirit of England and her people, that is as it may be. But he does give a wonderful series of pictures—a vitascope, as it were, of life on the island, yet not a photographic one; for each picture is tinged with the personality of the author, if it be no other than the desire he feels that his personality shall not intrude.

London, vast and dim, "London with its sense of immensity that we must hurry through to keep unceasing appointments, with its diffuseness, its gatherings up into innumerable trade centres, innumerable class districts," the great hive of a fiercely individualistic swarm, where each is for himself and not so much against the other as practically unaware of that other save as an object wearing garments and making sounds such as he himself wears and makes, we begin with this London, seen through many different eyes, approached by count-

less roads, with how many different hopes, desires, and ambitions. We enter it on top of a hay waggon before dawn, when London lies asleep; we come on foot, by sail, by steam, by rail; we feel that we make one with a converging world, all entering London, all to be engulfed by the leviathan, all to move about henceforth in a smaller or larger portion of the vast coils and caverns, all carrying around a smaller or larger picture of "our" London, but none of us ever knowing London. "The Londoner bites off from his town a piece large enough for his own chewing," and when the thought of London comes to him when he is away it is this piece that shapes itself before his eyes. To one it may be "a brilliant windswept day, with the fountains like haycocks of prismatic glitter in the shadow of Nelson's Column, with the paving stones almost opalescent, with colour everywhere . . . or perhaps the chaotic crowd, like that of baggage waggons huddled together after a great defeat, blocked in the narrow ways of the city, an apparently indissoluble muddle of grey wheel

traffic, of hooded carts, of 'buses drawing out of line, of sticky mud, with a pallid church wavering into invisibility . . . of white faces seen through grimy windows . . . a horse down . . . a suggestion of the seashore in the unconcerned, tarpaulin-shrouded figure of a policeman . . . is this again London? Or do we see it in the glare of kerosene lamps, the diffused blaze of shop fronts, the slowly moving faces revealed for a moment, then, as it were, washed out, of the serried, marketing crowds. They will be carrying paper parcels, carrying string bags, carrying unwrapped green stuffs, treading on layers of handbills . . . standing in shawled groups around red joints in butchers' shops."

These are a few of the pictures which the thought of London might evoke in various individuals—the Whitechapel ghetto, two shrinking figures vanishing into a dark doorway—the crowded gaiety of Rotten Row—the swinging doors of a gin palace—the smell of the Underground—"A ragout of tidbits—of Gower tombs and Botticellis, of miles of port wine cellars or the waxen

effigies of distinguished murderers. . . . Immense without being immediately impressive, tolerant without any permanent preferences, attracting unceasing specimens of the best of all earthly things without being susceptible of any perceptible improvement, London, perhaps because of its utter lack of unity, of plan, of the art of feeling, is the final expression of the present stage . . . of the modern spirit. It is the world town, not because of its vastness; it is vast because of its assimilative powers, because it destroys all race characteristics insensibly, and, as it were, anæsthetically." London is a conglomeration of great organisations run by men as impersonal as the atoms of our own frame, noiseless, and, to all appearances, infallible. London is the great opportunity—the place where you go to make your fortune, to achieve your fame. London, that calls "out across all lands to the spirit of romance, to the spirit of youth, the spirit of adventure—the finer spirits . . . because to-day, as always, the streets of London are paved with gold." So many of us in our glorious youth

believe that we possess the philosopher's stone—that what we touch shall turn to gold—"and in London there are so many things to touch."

Somehow, through the haze of many impressions conveyed, as it were, through many different persons, we acquire a sort of notion of the impression London gives Mr. Hueffer. That of crowded, lonely vastness, full of unexpected bits of beauty and ugliness, quite unrelated to himself, and yet observed where others would not observe. Of a London full of individuals, each struggling in his own selfish solitude, hurrying isolated through damp crowds on rainy days, hurrying isolated through greater crowds on fair days. Of a London full of alien people and aims, yet a London whose smell and sound and spirit he dearly loves, a London that holds for him the best the world has to give.

London at work—at leisure—at rest—we are given sketch after sketch. "What London attracts with the mirage of its work shining across the counties and the countries, London holds with the glamour of

its leisure. We never go back, never really and absolutely. London, for those who have once, for however short a time, been Londoners, is always on the cards, is always just below the horizon. We may 'go back' for our health's sake, for our children's health's sake, if we can. We may go back, n a sense, to the colonies because we are ıot fitted for life or for work in London. 3ut all the time London is calling . . . ike the fever of spring that stirs each year n the blood. It seems to offer romantically, ıot streets paved with gold, but streets filled vith leisure, streets where we shall saunter, hings for the eye to rest on in a grey and ;lamourous light, books to read, men to be dle with, women to love."

If you have charm, if you have money, if 'ou have, perhaps most valuable of all, the ıower of self-effacement, and are a good istener, here is the place to come for soci- :ty. A man may believe anything or noth- ng, think whatever he chooses on any sub- ect; he may be well or ill born, it doesn't natter. "In Paris, Berlin, Vienna he must ave quarterings, a certain tradition, a cer-

tain habit of mind, a certain inanity, let us say. In London a man stands pretty well by what he is, or by what he has. He cannot of course occupy the throne, but given temperament or wealth, he can sit in almost any other chair." The best of manners is to have no manners. You don't kiss your hostess's hand or make three or five bows. You simply ignore her as much as possible. You are allowed an immense latitude, and nothing much is asked of you except that you should allow that same latitude to others. Your conversation is reduced to a shibboleth, to remarks on newspaper headlines, to the general statement, 'Rotten, I think.'

"If you desire a sight, equally impressive, of London at leisure, go down Piccadilly to Hyde Park corner any pleasant summer day. On the right of you you have all those clubs with all those lounging, luxuriating men. On the left there is a stretch of green park hidden and rendered hideous by recumbent forms. They lie like corpses or like soldiers in a stealthy attack, a great multitude of broken men and women, they,

too, eternally at leisure. They lie, soles of boots to crowns of heads, just out of arm's reach one from the other for fear of being rifled by their couch mates. They lie motionless, dun-coloured, pitiful, and horrible, bathing in leisure that will never end. There, indeed, is your London at leisure; the two ends of the scale offered violently for inspection, confronting and ignoring steadily the one the other. For in the mass the men in the windows never look down, the men in the park never look up."

But we cannot linger in London forever. Even the born and bred Londoner must leave it some time, be it but for the grave. Leave the women making matchboxes with a mechanical yet feverish haste at five cents for the twelve dozen. Leave the 'bus drivers, the river men, the desperate poor, too busy working for their lives to think or struggle; the desperate rich, too busy trying to keep from being bored to either think or feel, and all the millions in between. Leave London and go out into the country that is even older than London—a country over whose roads many centuries have travelled.

"When men travel such a road it is as if they went amid a crowd of invisible phantoms, hearing a continual rustle of inaudible whispers. Here is the spot where a King drank at the top of the rise. Here is where the five robbers lay in wait in the coppice. Here is the milestone on which one moonlight night there sat the ghost of a bride the peasant woman saw raise a white face to hers." The country, "with its extraordinary solidity and solidarity, its extraordinarily close grain of life." One is conscious of a distinct impression of scattered, strongly marked, quiet men holding breathlessly, unshakenly together, in contrast with the city dwellers who, though forced into close contact, working at the same task, crowded into the same tenement belonging to the same club, are yet unconscious of their neighbours' creed, life, joy or distress. The one disjointed, apart lonely, yet knit by the closest bonds; the other interdependent as a hive of bees, and yet fiercely individualistic—a strange antithesis.

This man is no less at home betwee

the hedgerows talking to a tramp, working with the sowers or the reapers in the fields, watching beside the dead in a cottage, wandering over pastures with a shepherd, being all things to all men, here as in town. He is a continual surprise, and no matter how often you think you've got him, he slips away. His personality is, as it were, everywhere; his identity nowhere.

It is, perhaps, this country of England—and the "country" means only a circumscribed portion of the out-of-town; it isn't the seashore or the Yorkshire moors or the Broads; it isn't anything that has a distinctive feature beyond hedgerows and meadows and villages—it is this country that is essentially England, particularly to Americans. London is London, but when we think of England we want hedgerow and meadow path, a kissing gate, a thatched row of cottages. And the men and women who live in the cottages are not like us.

"I know of no object, no symbol, so absolutely typical of relaxation as the attitude of one of our field laborers after a hard day. If you will think of him sitting beside

his tea table, his head hanging a little, his legs wide apart as if to balance himself on a thing so fragile as a cottage chair, his hands, above all, open, immense, and at rest, as if, having grasped many and heavy things, they would never again close upon a plough handle or a usepole . . . a man whose nights are the walls between concrete periods of the mere present, whose days are each one a cell, shut off and unconnected, having no relation to the day which went before and none to that which will ensue after the black oblivion of the coming night." If you will think of such a man you will realise that he is as foreign to any we know here as is the Roman beggar asleep on the Spanish steps, or the Russian peasant sitting silent and bewildered under the last blow of Fate.

But in one point, and a significant one, the two countries resemble each other. No one who is at all familiar with our New England farming districts but must have noticed the almost entire absence there of the young. And in England—"there are whole stretches of country where a really

full-witted and alert youth of between 16 and 30 will absolutely not be found . . . a rough calculation gives only five per cent. of country-born boys who are on the land of their own free choice. The figure among girls is even more striking. A girl of moderately good looks or of an intelligence at all alert is almost unknown in many, many villages of England."

In the development of the Trust and the growing desertion of the country for the town, the two countries are in the same box. The result of this state of affairs may be one of several things, and Mr. Hueffer seems to be by no means sure which is to win out. The latter part of his work is given up to philosophising on these and other tendencies, and on the nature of the English people. It is the most interesting portion, and, of course, the one which will arouse controversy; that is, indeed, Mr. Hueffer's announced desire. He says what he thinks, not to impose his thoughts on you, but in order to get you to express your own. To him the Englishman is pre-eminently the

Poet among the races. He feels rather than thinks, he creates for himself an ideal and unreal world, as free as possible from disagreeable ingredients, and puts himself into the centre of this world. It all depends upon one's idea of a poet. At any rate, the Englishman won't have you jarring his world with untoward allusions to real matters. The author in his younger days rashly talked of some sweatshop or other problem to the fair daughter of his hostess. "Later on Lady C. took me into the rose garden, and, prefacing her remarks with 'You are a good boy, and I like you,' peremptorily forbade me ever again to talk to Beatrice about 'things.' It bewildered me at the time, because, not being to the English manner born, I did not know just what 'things' were. But nowadays I know very well what things are; they include, in fact, religious topics, questions of the relations of the sexes, the conditions of poverty-stricken districts—every subject from which one can digress into anything moving. That, in fact, is the crux—the Rubicon that one must never cross."

"It is a nation," we are told, "extraordinarily tongue-tied and able to repress its emotions. The special province of the English nation is to evolve a standard of manners . . . and in attaining this standard the Englishman has sacrificed the arts—which are concerned with the expression of emotions—and his knowledge of life —which cannot be attained to by a man that sees the world as all good."

But there is one thing you can count on the Englishman as doing. He will, in his own phrase, "play the game." And that, after all, is a very fine thing.

With the following anecdote descriptive of the typical Englishman's attitude to one at least of the arts, we must end this talk on a fascinating subject: Mr. Hueffer has taken his friend to the play, "which was one of those relatively good but positively bad pieces of false sentiment that occasionally make a great success in England. It turned upon the elopement of a married woman from a husband who was impossibly bad with a lover who was impossibly good, and under the chaperonage of an aunt who

was altogether impossible. The chief actress had one property—a worried look, and she had nothing else, except of course a certain bodily charm. She used her worried look and nothing else on every possible occasion, gazing always into a great distance, and absently brushing a curl from her forehead. This performance grew monotonous to me, and at about the twenty-fifth 'scene' I leant back in my chair, and said to my companion:

"'She is very bad.'

"Still leaning forward, intent, he turned his head toward me and uttered, irritated, shocked, and distracted by my callousness:

"'But think of her temptations.'"

THE PARISH CLERK OF OLD

John Hopkins, parish clerk and undertaker, sells epitaphs of all sorts and prices. Shaves neat and plays the bassoon. Teeth drawn and *The Salisbury Journal* read gratis every Sunday morning at eight. A school for Psalmody every Thursday evening, when my son, born blind, will play the fiddle. Specimen epitaph on my wife:

My wife, ten years, not much to my ease,
But now she is dead in coelo quies.
Great variety to be seen within.
Your humble servant, John Hopkins.

NOWADAYS we have dentists, barbers, trusts, city magistrates, department stores, and undertakers striving in vain to fulfil our needs. Then, one queer old man in quaint old clothes, with a very pretty sense of his own dignity, gave you all the help you needed on this or the other side of the grave. He made your shoes and your clothes and sprinkled your house-

hold with holy water. He gave your horse and your dog physic as well as yourself and led the choir. He married you and buried you and christened your children; he hunted with the sporting members of his town and wrote letters for the unlearned. He smuggled with smugglers and farmed with farmers. He outlasted many a change of ministers and religion, apparently as stable as the everlasting hills; and then he faded away and is known no more, or hardly more, to this generation than are the shorts and long-tailed coats some of him was wont to wear. He was a long-lived old gentleman in his day, for we find a large number of clerks still active in their duties at eighty and more. Once a clerk always a clerk, though here and there an occasional one is elevated to the ministry. Men of odd character they were, and manifold are the stories told of them, the couplets and verses written on them, the epitaphs inscribed over them.

Before reluctant memory follows them to the grave Mr. Ditchfield has collected, in a substantial and beautifully made volume,

the greater number of these stories and anecdotes, as well as all available historic data and fascinating old drawings and engravings depicting the clerk and his surroundings from Chaucer's day to the present time, for a few modified specimens still endure in secluded corners. It makes a fascinating record, brimful of human nature, not by any means destitute of human feelings, nor yet of lovely and gentle traits.

The clerk was the first leader of an orchestra, and held sway over a motley collection of instruments. Fiddles, flutes, clarinets, and bassoons, with a bass drum, accompanied the village choir, and possessed plenty of power, however deficient they may have been in melody. "It was the only part of the service during which no one could sleep," asserted one clerk, with pride, and he was undoubtedly correct. Perhaps this had something to do with bringing in the barrel organ, whose crank the clerk turned, for none but he understood its mysterious insides, nor knew how to change the barrels. Even he was sometimes at fault and constrained, after an expectant

pause and ardent toil, to shout out, "Dang it, she 'on't speak!"

We see the faint foreshadowing of the sentiment toward tainted money in the following letter written by Clerk Davy Diggs to the Squire of his parish:

Mr. Squir, Sur,

Me and Farmer Field & the rest of the genelmen in vestri sembled Thinks the parson want parish Relif in shape of a grinstun orgin betwin survisses—i am to grind him and the sundy skool kildren is to sing to him wile he gos out of is sete.

We liv it to yursef wart to giv as we dont want to limit yur malevolens.

But the grindstone organ itself was presently superseded by the harmonium, played by the schoolmistress or some village performer, to the consummate scorn of the clerk, whose impulses toward gallantry were quite overshadowed by his feeling of lost importance. Nor was he wrong to be indignant, for here began the departing steps of his authority, his necessity, his existence. But much else went first. Sir Walter Besant tells of one old clerk who, like

many of his brethren, "had seen the Church of England displaced by the Presbyterians, the Presbyterians by the Independents, and the restoration of the Church. His father, clerk before him, had seen the worship of the 'old religion' in Queen Mary's time." Another clerk, being asked by a stranger what his occupation was, replied:

"I hardly know what I be. First Vicar he called me 'clerk'; then another came and he called me 'Virgin'; the last Vicar said I were a 'Christian,' and now I be 'clerk' again." Mr. Ditchfield explains that Virgin was "a slight confusion for verger, and Christian a corrupt form of sacristan or sexton."

There were neither fairs nor teas in the clerk's heyday, but there were church ales, held in the church house, with the clerk as host and receiver of whatever was "made." Here the people congregated to feast and drink the home-brewed ale, the young folk dancing and practising bowls and archery with many a shout of laughter and rough country jest, while the old looked on in grave enjoyment. But Puritanism came

and frowned these merry gatherings out of existence. The ballad singer sang profane songs, the maidens danced with too light a foot, the ale was strong and some there were who drank of it too deeply, said the stern critic—and chilled them to death as an autumn wind might chill and wither a host of golden butterflies.

Many quaint figures meet one as one turns the pages of this book. Here is old John Scarlett, who had buried two Queens—Catherine, wife of Henry VIII., and Mary, Queen of Scots, who must, one would think, have fallen heavily enough into the bed he dug for her, so freighted with tragedy as was her loveliness. Scarlett's portrait is on the wall of the west transept of Peterborough Cathedral, a sturdy and complacent figure, looking out rather grimly, as though he were estimating how soon you, who look upon him, would see the same bed he had prepared for so many others—two generations, says his epitaph. There is a skull at his feet and a spade in his hand, if more were needed. Then here is John Bennet, who wrote poetry which the lords

and ladies of his day "rushed to secure." He made shoes besides, and was of a modest nature withal, for he tells us his only reason for publishing his verses was "to enable me to rear an infant offspring, and to drive all anxious solicitations from the breast of an amiable wife." Surely a reason to strike the modern poet with singular force; to fill him, indeed, with amazement and sorrow for the vanished day. As for Bennet's shoes, we are left to suppose he made those for pure love of the art.

The clerk was not one to be overcome by such a trifle as time, as became one who served eternity. One of them, of Shropshire blood, announces:

"Last Friday was Good Friday, but we've forgotten un; so next Friday will be."

Women occasionally performed the duties of parish clerk, although they were never formally recognised as such. One of them, Betty Wells, added to her other attainments those pertaining to a witch. Mysterious troubles followed whosoever incurred her displeasure. "And the old woman had a mighty queer looking eye," say the good

folk who remember her, shaking credulous heads.

Mr. Ditchfield has a most un-American—nor is it for that reason the less delightful—manner of telling these tales of queer folk. He has a serious desire that you should understand the point, and will go to great pains, when necessary, to explain it. This gives to the simple charm of the book an added flavour. The English is delightful, and moves as easily as did the lives of these old men; for somehow most of them seem to be aged, although they must have begun young—there is record of one at least who held the office from the age of ten. They are lives which could have been led in England alone. They are racy of the tight little island, rich with her dialects. In this book they are retold by an Englishman quite as English as they are themselves, albeit he is an Englishman of the great world-England, and they of single tiny hamlets, of sleepy cathedral towns, and green farm villages embowered in rose and eglantine. Speaking of the men of Holderness and their abounding spirit of economy,

which extends even in their speech, for, "so saving are they," say some, "that the definite article 'the' is never used by them in talk." "But this," says Mr. Ditchfield gravely, "is a libel; another and a truer reason may be found for the omission in their Scandinavian origin."

They were a practical lot, too. A London clergyman, having for the first time to preach to a country congregation, was anxious to find whether the people had understood him. His sermon was on the possessed persons at Gadara and the destruction of the herd of swine. He asked his clerk whether he had understood it, and received a doubtful "Yes." "If there's anything I can explain," said the clergyman, "I shall be only too glad to help you." The clerk hesitated and scratched the back of his head, but finally came out with, "Who paid for them pigs?"

Most of us have had the experience of observing the automobile face of a green horse. But where now is he who remembers the face of a clerk gazing for the first time at a railway train?

"When the first train passed through the village he was overwhelmed with emotion at the sight. He fell prostrate on the bank as though struck by a thunderbolt. When he stood up his brain reeled, he was speechless, and stood aghast, unutterable amazement stamped upon his face. 'How much longer,' he finally gasped out, 'shall knowledge be allowed to go on increasing?'"

These records are almost as foreign to our modern life as the tales of Mort d'Arthur. Were we to meet a knight on horseback who paused to inquire the whereabouts of the Questing Beast, should we be much more surprised than if we were to see an old man, sitting below the parson, rise up and announce, in the assured tones of authority:

"There aren't going to be no sermon this eve, for marster be going to the hunting tomorrow, and so beez I, and must start away."

It's all incredibly distant and entertaining, a book one likes to keep. Mr. Ditchfield hopes that the parish clerk may return to his own. Perhaps he may. But it will

not be he, nor yet his son. It will be a businesslike and up-to-date personage about whom will cluster no delightful tales. The last parish clerk has been buried, with the generations for whom he performed the same task. His worthy epitaph could be written only by himself. In default of it perhaps this one, written in 1740 for one among his countless company, may suffice:

Alas, poor John
Is dead and gone,
Who often tolled the Bell,
And with a spade
Dug many a grave,
And said Amen as well.

MR. SLICER ON HAPPINESS

IN the last analysis happiness is a condition rather than a possession, and it is doubtful if any number of directions can assist in its attainment. To the man who sets out on the road after it indications are apt to be misleading. Asking at the cross-roads of one who appears to know the lay of the land, he is told to take the path to the right, albeit it looks a bit steep and narrow, to climb hard and to faint not. Happiness waits on the height there. He climbs and finally he reaches the indicated peak, only to find an alien creature staring over his head into regions he cannot contemplate. He may grasp her in his arms, but she will not slip into his heart, and the words she speaks in answer to his eager questions are not the words he wants to hear. Or it may be he was pointed in another direction, where the way wound

through fair meadows and beside still streams haunted by the dreams of youthful poets. "See, there is lovely Happiness," says his guide, smiling at a vague apparition which seems to the traveller to be no more than a fantastic intermingling of light and shade and mist. "Why, I can pass my arm through this," he answers. "She—she isn't real!"

Lo here and lo there! it won't do. Yet, though we know in our hearts that no one can tell us where to find our happiness, and though we marvel at what our friend thinks is she, we still anxiously ask for directions and seek for signboards; happiness is so very important—unless we happen to have found her, and then we are busy with other matters; it may indeed be suspected that it is because we are busy with other matters that we have found her. As in the old fairy tales, the only way to reach the golden palace was to turn your back on it and set about walking in the opposite direction.

Someone said to me once that you might have the philosophy of happiness all worked

out, know how to order your life, to maintain your poise, love what is wise and good and fair, and yet somehow have lost the zest. The champagne was without sparkle. You might walk the world with cheer and courage and devotion, and everyone who saw you might feel a thrill of joy and uplift. But you wouldn't be happy, and, what is more, no one would be so deceived as to say, There goes a happy man.

However, it is a question whether happiness per se is not somewhat overrated. The development of character, the discovery of what we are and what we are capable of, is our essential work. Like the little Japanese water toys, we are thrown into our environment in order that we may expand to the limit of our design. Sorrow and suffering, sin itself, are our great masters along with happiness. The greatest works of the world are not apt to be born of happiness, although they may have about them a divine breath from the radiant goddess.

"The hand that rounded Peter's Dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity. . . ."

"Tristan und Isolde" is not the creation of a happy man, nor do Shakespeare's sonnets speak the joy of the heart. Sorrow, loss, and failure tutored these mighty men, and the works they left behind them show perhaps more than did their faces that happiness was not the constant, not the reigning, goddess of their hearts. But something fine, noble, pure, and shining did dwell with them, glowing in all they wrought and drawing our hearts to the heights along with theirs. Out of the bitter elements of life they have forged something nobler, more exquisite, than they could have fashioned out of the beautiful constituents of happiness alone; even as the sombre magnificence of mountains or the wild glory of the sea touches a note of deeper beauty than does the smiling verdure of a valley.

Out of the one hundred and seventy pages of Mr. Slicer's book of directions we gather that happiness is the supreme duty of life. That a life lived in a congenial home, filled with pleasant work, not devoid of play, a life having opportunity for sacrifice and a devotion to duty, a life neither repressed nor

yet too free, without worry or ill-health to handicap it, is likely to be a happy life. We are also told that no one can give us happiness, that happiness comes from within, and we instinctively remember the story of the singing beggar on the highway and the mournful King in his gilded coach. Mr. Slicer is fond of quoting, and there are many citations from the poets and others. He has also the clergyman's fondness for repetition; it might be argued that repetition is a useful thing in a world that runs too fast to heed. But he is neither sufficiently simple nor sufficiently real to tell us anything vital.

The ministers of the past generation were a grim and unrelenting group to whom happiness meant the uprooting of all the lovely flowers of life for the sake of a future quite unrelated to this bitter training. Nowadays our ministers are mainly concerned with promoting our satisfaction in ourselves and our environment, in telling us that virtue and unselfishness pay a present dividend of happiness, that they are on the whole the best investment—to be noble because you

are afraid that you will be burned forever if you aren't, or to be noble because that is the way to secure happiness for yourself. There is a third reason—to be noble because it is possible that the work God is doing in the world can be better performed by Him if He has instruments of fine temper and perfect trustworthiness to work with. Lincoln was of this last group; he is spoken of as having had humour; he is not spoken of as having been happy. It is doubtful if he ever thought of personal happiness as an aim, and yet what a mighty influx of spiritual good flowed into the world because of him.

But Mr. Slicer may very well reply to my complaint that he has not made me happier, "Neither have you reviewed my book."

THE NEW HERO

IN the old stories—necessarily the good old stories—the hero or the villain could only be assisted or foiled in one or two simple and timetaking ways. You put your hero on one of the many desert islands or unknown continents, and the letter he had somehow managed to despatch travelled along month after month to its distant termination. Then the rescue party set out by sail and caravan to make its weary way to the by-this-time aged man awaiting them, clothed in skins and a long beard, with eyes dimmed from long scanning of the horizon's rim. Or the villain, slipping from the eager grasp of a hundred pursuers, dashes down the slope, leaps into a shallop, gains the brig in the offing, and, making all sail, strikes a favourite attitude and escapes. Nothing to be done but get hold of something with sails and westward-ho in pur-

t. Years may pass or a fortunate chance
y bring you face to face with him in a
months. But the chances are that if he
a few yards the start of you he will
p it for at least several years—it was all
n chase in those days, and no queens
es allowed in the human chess game.
ut now? Well, now we have changed
hat. To take a concrete instance, where
adays would young Lochinvar have
ed? Fleet steeds to follow, forsooth.
w about the turbine, the motor car?
w would he escape the telegraph or ca-
Or, granted he had the wit for that,
ld not the wireless noose him in its in-
ble coils? Or suppose it is Japhet
ching for his father—any of the yellow
rnals will nail the old man for him with
w extras.

Iow, indeed, is the modern author to
g a catastrophe down upon the head of
hero or heroine when all the powers of
h and air and light rush to his or her
stance? The world, once so spacious
so lonely, full of caverns, isolated rocks,
liettes and what not of darkness and

mystery, has become a little place blazing with electric lights and overrun with swiftly moving machines; while you take your friend's greeting or your enemy's curse along in your vest pocket, as it were, each step, or rather swoop, you make. The struggle between hero and villain nowadays is not with pistol in either hand and knife between the teeth, over mountain pass or across burning sands. It occurs amid the rattle and clatter of a telegraph booth, or with a telephone girl as medium. Pursued too closely, the villain might leap from a turbine steamer going twenty-three knots an hour, but he would only plunge into the arms of Nemesis awaiting him in a submarine under the green wave—and already the wings of the airship flap about his ears. In fact, time and space have been eliminated from the modern writer's box of tools. Simultaneousness characterises the world at present, and literature must follow suit. Breathless and forespent, is it any wonder that the desperate art takes refuge in the dim, delightful past, draws about it the soothing folds of undiscovered continents,

or seeks in despair the haven of a distant planet? Standing in the spot light of the present, invention falters. Events are shouted in vain through the megaphone to an uninterested crowd who have already had the news an hour before at their private desks. You can't hide anything—there isn't even such a thing as a really dark night left you.

Doubtless, however, the worst is still to come. For if the next generation is to use telepathy, clairvoyance, and clairaudience as the customary means of communication, what will the hapless weaver of plots do then? No sooner has the villain formulated his plan for robbing the bank than the whole town is cognizant of the scheme. But neither can the villain be trapped, for he, too, can pluck from out the heart its rooted secret, and so is forced into a safe inaction. Thus is Maeterlinck's static drama the forerunner of actual life. Villains will be reduced to sitting moveless in their dens thinking up evil actions, which are in turn thought down by the virtuous defenders of the law. All material move-

ment may, in fact, cease. The world, with its tendency to a spiral ascent, will again become quiet and restful. But, except in a gross and unusable form, it will never more be a harbinger of time and space. The question as to whether literature can continue without these adjuncts we will leave to others. Only we would ask, what were the use of printing a story that, from its first conscious moment, would be the common property of everybody?

Without a villain there can be no necessity for hero and heroine. And with these eliminated, what is the book of the future to contain? For as to the plot, that ceased to exist some time ago. The outlook is dark, and unless authors can combine to make a corner in psychology, their case seems hopeless.

NAZIMOVA

PASSING along Riverside Drive the other day, I saw a statue, recently unveiled, occupying a situation any artist would envy, marking the termination of a wide street and crowning a noble upward sweep; standing so high, indeed, as to be backed by sky alone, and facing the broad and flashing river through a fringe of splendid trees. The same afternoon I went to see Nazimova in "The Master Builder"—and the two contrasted experiences set me to thinking.

The statue belongs with the art departments of the big shops. It belongs with the mass of insincere art that is so eagerly accepted by the public; with those ornaments whose sole distinction is fussiness; with those statuettes in affected postures that gather in ghastly groups around tall onyx lamps; those pictures that exude a sickly

sentimentality or odious prettiness; or even with the adopted simplicity of the Woman's Page converts, a simplicity that has learned to discard bowknots and to prefer a straight to a curved line: it belongs to what is fake, in fact.

It is not so much that most people fail to desire what is noble in their surroundings; it is the realisation of their absolute passion for what is false and vulgar that is forced upon one. You find it everywhere. In literature, cherishing the "Human Interest" stories of the daily papers, or fulfilling itself in the "Society" or "Plain Folk" stories of the magazines and best sellers; in the popular music that drowns even thought in the restaurants; in the glare and the decorative antics of those restaurants and hotels; in the very smile and voice of countless men and women you encounter. Most of all, perhaps, it shows itself on the stage —both in the plays that run their hundreds of nights to crowded houses, and in the actors who interpret them. The essential unreality of both is superlative, and what more is to be said? We all know it; it is every-

where, and sometimes we are fain to think it is everything.

But this is not so. This past summer there died in America two great sculptors, Edward Kemeys and Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Kemeys' groups of the wild animals he knew so intimately are characterised by a truth and directness of bearing never exceeded by any artist. Here is the wildness, the unconsciousness, the beauty and revelation of nature speaking through her one great interpreter, the man of genius. Here is no straining for effect, only a pure passion for truth. Silent and withdrawn, living for many years on the plains and in the mountains studying the creatures whose life he was to re-create into the immortality of art, the artist passed almost unseen and unknown through the world, and much time may elapse before it realises how great was this guest it entertained so unawares.

With Saint-Gaudens, too, the need of expressing the truth was paramount. He has been known to work for months over a hand, to hold back his work from the foundry to give and give again that last touch

that should satisfy him, losing money, forfeiting the patience of his patrons, caring only that it be the best he was capable of that should finally stand for him.

He was better known and better rewarded than Kemeys, chiefly because his work lay more with men, and he had many friends, won by an exquisite and genial personality, who forced the world to take notice of his genius. But it is not the question of reward that interests one so much as the question of how great a sincerity and love of art as an expression of truth subsists among us at this day.

Rodin remains to hearten us. Rodin, who is working out his own salvation with the conviction of one of the great Greeks, going like them on a path of his own choosing, making mistakes, it may be, failures even, but the mistakes and failures of a man seeking only to grasp the truth, of a man immersed heart and soul in a mighty work.

The Greeks had reached the highest possible expression of their particular conception—pure material beauty, untouched by

human passion or decay. Rodin leaves them the exquisite perfection of their lofty gods and goddesses and stares, not at the human body, but into the strange recesses of the human soul for his inspiration. Since the soul has no medium except the body through which to make itself recognised, he necessarily uses this body—but almost he might discard it. These men and women of his, contorted, suffering, enduring, full of the storm and calm of life, gather them all up into one tremendous whole and behold the soul of the race engaged in its tremendous struggle with the body of the race—it is the Passion which this sculptor carves, and under his hand metal and stone are no more than the thin veil over the love and despair, the terror and triumph, of the human heart.

Side by side, then, with an overwhelming amount of and admiration for what is false and common, runs a clear and powerful current of perhaps unmatchable sincerity and fineness. In music Edward MacDowell exemplifies this particular tendency, combining a strong originality with no play-

ing to the gallery, no display for the sake of display. In literature, George Moore stands in this same rank, for never have the eternal springs of human nature, with those modifications which the passing generation impresses upon them, been depicted with an art more marvellously simple, so consummate a knowledge for eliminating the unessential, or a deeper devotion to the truth, be it or not pleasant and conventional.

These artists are real, not similacri of the vanishing fashion in statue, song, or book. They exist for the sake of telling us, in whatsoever medium best suits them, the truth as life has told it to them, with no care as to how we may like it nor what we may give them in exchange. And this sincerity of attitude is what Mme. Nazimova brings to our stage. In her burns the flame of life, not the sickly reflection of adopted ideas and second-hand emotions. Here is a woman, not a consummation of tricks and dress. Here is an actress, capable of completely identifying herself with her rôle, of becoming in every least particular the woman whom she is enacting. You feel

that she has lived the whole life of her character up to the moment when she emerges before your eyes, and under the spell of her creative genius could as easily think of another person in the part as you could think of someone playing your sister or your friend.

Here is a Hedda with her corroded soul, her cold passion of vanity, her unutterable weariness, so clearly to be read in those heavy and scornful eyes, in the languid gestures, the timbre of the voice. A Hedda whose whole past life you are aware of from this sum of her personality living before you, and the dark movements of whose heart you watch as in some magic mirror. Then there is Norah, younger than her own children, shallow as a brown mountain brook before it plunges into the deep and sombre basin awaiting it, a child whose body dances to the time her spirit keeps, a little, generous, loving creature, who has never stopped for a thought. And Hilda, the troll girl, the visionary, cruel with the terrible cruelty of youth, laughing where she should weep, weeping she knows not

why, fierce with an egotism that fancies itself nobility, an elfin incarnation of fate. Could there well be three women more dissimilar? Yet each is given to us with a wonderful fidelity, an exquisite detail. To be sure, these parts are allied in one way—they all spring from the same brain and are in a certain sense sick women, women sick, so to say, of intense modernity. It may be that Alla Nazimova will prove unable to act parts where a high emotional imagination is required. It is too soon to say, for we have not as yet had an opportunity to gauge her in a character whose interpretation needs a lofty poetic insight. It is possible that her scope may prove to be a narrow one. Nevertheless her art is extraordinarily natural, singularly full of vitality. Her body responds to every movement of her mind, and to see her listening to what another character is telling her is to see the emotions which his words contain reflected in the subtle beauty of her face, as the wind darkens or brightens across a field of grain or the waters of a lake. Perhaps this actress may never give us a Juliet or a

Lady Macbeth; but she will always be original and veracious. She is the artist and not the faker, belonging with those who are not tainted with that passion for lying that animates so huge a portion of the world. Into such regions of woman's heart as she penetrates she will throw a clear light. And for this we should be deeply grateful to her. For to see or hear or experience a real work of art is to acquire actual life. But we must ourselves be able to receive the angel when he comes, or we remain unaware that something noble has passed our way; its vibrations were too keen for our cognisance. And this dulling of our perceptions is the fatal result of much mediocrity. So that it is a kind of crime for a city to put up a bad statue or a common building. A work of genius, containing as it does within it the principle of life, continually begets itself in the souls of the people, causing what is finest in itself to come to birth within them. And so, too, the vulgar and commercial objects strewn on every hand spread their illegitimate brood of low ideals and false standards

broadcast over man's mind, until in time he can no longer perceive nobility nor understand truth, and in the presence of real genius he is uneasy or blind

FOOTSTEPS

SEATED alone in the dusk of a summer evening, half-conscious of the familiar surroundings, half-lost it may be in some fanciful dream, who has not remarked the strange effect of a passing footstep? Suddenly the peace and silence are broken by this step that comes, lagging or eager, heavy or light, but comes steadily, passes, dies, is gone. Somehow it seems to have crossed the immaterial pathways of your mind, to have become, to a strange extent, part of your own life. Whence came it, whither does it tend, and will it be received with joy or sorrow when it reaches its final destination?

Strange footsteps, with no other being, so far as we may distinguish, save that of sound. Eloquent with that witchery of the unseen, the intangible, which appeals so strongly to some of our moods. It may be a man that passes; yet who shall deny that it might be Fate or Death or Love or Life?

Hark, how hurried is this one! What errand of young hope draws it so swiftly on? Or is it perhaps hastening from some committed sin, and does its light fall imply a sinister incubus? And this that follows, seeming to lag so heavily? Does it go companioned by great dreams, and, weighted by their purple freight, move thus slowly to their mighty measure? Or has life struck out the last light that shone for it, and must it stumble henceforth uncertainly onward in the grey darkness?

Anon there passes the firm, strong step of a man, bent apparently on some decisive errand. We behold him with the mind's eye, hurrying on to lend his shoulder to the uplifting of the world, earnest, fine and simple as a man should be. Yet it is possible that a brood of broken resolutions, lost ideals and bitter regrets may accompany him, trailing their dark wings between his spirit and the light. Could we by some powerful attraction draw all these thoughts that crowd about each passing step to come and sit here awhile with us in the darkness; strangely lightened, the footsteps would

go on, leaving behind shapes enough. Trivial, coarse, mean, many of them. A few perhaps terrible or tragic. Some among the throng, however, beautiful and bright. But these we must hasten to release and send on to their rightful owners; for the night is dark and their gentle radiance must be needed.

Yet methinks that all, even these, would be touched by some shadow of sadness. For it is rare for any one thus solitary in the night, bound whithersoever it may be—to a happy reunion or a death-watch—not to catch, however unwittingly, a hint of the burden of sorrow that the world has heaped on its shoulders during all the centuries. Is it the tender reverie of a young girl or the ambitious dream of a youth that flits in on us? Even so, we may distinguish a suggestion of this same sorrow, hardly recognised as yet, where in the future it may be but too much at home. Yet should we rather welcome than repel this omnipresent shade. For if it dim somewhat the glory of the children of light, it lends them a touch of tenderness not to be disdained.

And even to the vulgar or cruel among the others, it gives a gleam of dignity, of nobility, a kinship with the highest. Sorrow is sister to us all.

Who is there that has not sat listening at some time or times for the footsteps of one beloved? How many times in the hour the heart has quickened its beat, thinking to recognise the one step among all that come and pass—only to weaken as each passes and proves false. But what matter, if at last it come, the right step, and turn in at the gate, and hasten up the path and is soon no step, but the very being whom we love, our light and life!

Yet many there are who never hear the step pause at their threshold: for whom all footsteps are alike, moving in measured beat past and beyond, filling all the roads of the earth, going hither and thither on a thousand errands, but coming in at the gate, left so pathetically open, never at all. To such the tread of the angel of death must have a wonderful music and his entrance a glory as benign as love. He at least is their very own.

THE WISDOM OF ANIMALS

IT is axiomatic that one finds that which one seeks for. We have long been told, for instance, to search Holy Writ if we desire to prove anything at all and behold the confirmatory word or phrase. To the fool the world is a silly place, to the poet it is instinct with wonder, beauty, and truth. Some New England maiden ladies have written treatises to prove the Indian a creature all compact of grace and nobility; while various among the rougher elements of the West have been known to maintain that he possessed but one virtue—that, namely, of remaining dead when killed. As Stevenson puts it,

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings,"

and many as are the things the points of

view regarding them are infinitely more numerous and quite as enjoyable.

. . . . .

When we were children, and long after we had ceased being children, we were from time to time made radiantly happy by the visits of a man we called Uncle Ned. He was tall, well formed, light of foot and sure of eye, with that look that comes of living in large places and with silent folk. He was never hurried and never behindhand. Gentleness, poise, and humour mingled with the delicacy of a woman and the simplicity of a child in his make-up, and he was withal an artist, a great artist with the passion for beauty and for truth. He modelled animals, and since his boyhood had lived in the prairies and mountains of our country, following the trails of the wild creatures, sleeping in the tepees of the Indians, camping with the trappers and fur hunters from ocean to ocean. He knew the sign language of the plains, the shrill war cry and guttural salutation of the redman, the campfire stories told over and over again by men who had known no other life than that of the

open sky. He had watched from his horse the mighty bison move past in countless thousands to extinction. He had shot the grizzly bear and the bighorn. He had that large patience which belongs perhaps only to the artist and the man of science, and by virtue of which no time is too long which is spent in studying any detail of their life's work. He modelled with a vigour and knowledge never exceeded by any animal sculptor. It was not the animal on parade with stately tread and flexed muscles that occupied his art, but the creature unsuspicious of observation, relaxed, playful, savage, unselfconscious, above all inimitably wild. New Yorkers have a specimen of his work in Central Park, his "Still Hunt," a cougar about to spring.

Between us children and this man of genius with his child heart there subsisted an intimacy, and many and many an hour have we sat listening to him whom others found so silent and so shy. Wonderful were the stories he told of the wild world whose tricks and wisdom and marvellous instinct he knew so well, whose beauty he

admired so intensely. But he never attempted to explain the animals' acts by human impulses, nor did he ever plunge into their psychological interiors.

. . . . .

But what went ye out for to see? a reed shaken in the wind or a reed quivering with its own emotions? According as that may be so too is the story with which you return. This, however, may be said. In the former instance you have but to describe a tangible occurrence. In the second, since the reed does not possess the power, or, at any rate, the inclination to translate its emotions into words you are capable of comprehending, you can only draw on your own emotional experiences, modifying them in order to suit your fancy, to explain the emotional experience you conceive the reed to be undergoing. You may thus arrive at a close apprehension of the reed's inner life, but then, quite as definitely, you may not. And until the reed concludes to speak up for itself, neither you nor any one else can be certain that you have hit the nail on the head.

One trouble with the later school of nature

books is that they make their animals the heroes of their tales. Now a hero, from time immemorial, has had to be supplied with monologues and soliloquies. With the human hero this is not much of a difficulty, for we are willing to believe the author capable of comprehending his intellectual and emotional processes when he is troubled with either. But we balk a bit when required to believe an author possessed of the same powers with regard to a bear, or a fox, or any other animal. It isn't so much that we are bothered by the limitations of the animals; it's only that we feel the writer has those of the rest of humanity. Fable, which clothes human attributes with animal forms, is, of course, another matter. But it is this very power which the modern school does claim. In some cases to the extent of discovering among the brutes all the moral, if not religious, perceptions of mankind.

Maeterlinck says, in his "Life of the Bee," which relates marvels more inspiring than any of those told by the nature fakers, that it is scarcely wise to seek to establish what we think the truth ought to be, how-

ever interesting and probable this truth ap pears, by twisting isolated occurrences to f some theory of our own; that the trutl capable of verification, based on long ol servation and close study, is what we shoul seek, even though this truth may seem le: wonderful and less inspiring than the thing we imagine, even though it should swee away beautiful beliefs and replace them wit what is ugly or commonplace. For, if it l truth, there resides in that simple fact majesty which none of the splendid fabr cations of our fancy can ever achieve. Ar later, in " L'Intelligence des Fleurs," he go on to say that, whether what looks like re: son, calculation, invention, be the work (Nature herself, or of the bee, the ant, tl orchid, what is that to us? The thing to (is to seize the character, quality, habits, pe haps the final aim, of this general intell gence that inspires the manifold acts of i: telligence that fulfil themselves on th earth. If we mix our foregone conclusion our explanations and the pleasing gambc of our fancy with this search, we complica matters instead of clearing them, putting c

instead of advancing our comprehension of the Universe.

To hold the nature school writers, as they have come to be called, to an ideal as pure and high as animates such a man as Maeterlinck, is, of course, to attempt too much. These writers are telling a story for one or other of the magazines, to please a certain public; they are not seeking to establish outposts on the cold and solemn mountain peaks of Truth. They have more or less experience of life in the wild, and many pretty tales to tell of that life. So be it. It is only when they claim to be scientific students, calm commentators on fact, teachers of the real behind the appearance, setters down of the proven truth alone, that we grow restive if they seek to impose their fancies on us as veracity. When we read that a fox springs traps from an altruistic desire to save his kindred from the pain or inconvenience to which he had himself been subjected, or to revenge himself upon a trapper against whom he entertains sentiments of rancour, we might be delighted with the story as a fable; as the pronounce-

ment of a self-announced student of the truth it annoys us. Probably a fox has been frequently observed springing traps and remaining uncaught; we can afford to take the word of trappers and woodsmen on that score. The fox is known to be curious and investigating, and clever in getting himself out of trouble; traps have also been known to spring accidentally. But that a fox should deliberately spring a trap, or trample the snow about it from a Christian love of doing good, is not provable and should not be told us as a fact, in a book claiming to be a record of truth regarding the animal world.

It is the aim of writers of this school to attribute human motives to animals. Revenge, meanness, generosity, justice, love, pity—these are the springs that move the beasts of the wood and the birds of the air, even as they move the men and women about us. To the real lover of the mysterious methods of nature, to the patient searcher of her secrets, this attitude seems trivial. That there are links and similarities between ourselves and the animals is

true: but there are also differences, no less amazing and important than the likenesses.

We are told farther on in the story of this same fox, that the animal, who is fleeing before a forest fire, reasons and makes comparisons precisely as a man might under the same circumstances. Comparing the speed of his own flight with that of the flames behind him, he felt that he would make the beaver pond in time, though with nothing to spare. Also he is ready, at another time, to take great risks in the hope of doing harm to his pursuers. But there is no need of multiplying instances. The point is that a human nature is given to the animals, and even, among some of the members of the school, a moral and spiritual nature.

Now, that animals have shown some power for reasoning and a tremendous power of adaptability, with what seems at times a marvellous memory, is susceptible of proof, and is intensely interesting, and we cannot go too far in endeavouring to establish how great their development is in these directions. But we must work with

facts, not sentimental theories. It is the tone which characterises this school—a tone rather sentimental and *poseur,* a tone that animates much of modern thought, with which we join issue. If a fox were capable of the human processes of thought, comparison and constructive reasoning with which, in this story, he is credited, it is unbelievable that the fox family would not long ago have reached a civilisation comparable in some degree with our own.

Whether Nature be the partial expression of ourselves or we the completest expression of Nature, is a question we have not, after so many centuries of co-habitation, finally settled. We observe the marvellous results she obtains with the instruments in her possession, but the springs which move her we have not yet discovered.

"There are mysteries which it is still useless for us to interrogate; we do not yet possess the organ which can receive their response. Let us content ourselves with having observed certain manifestations of this intelligence outside of ourselves . . . every least manifestation of this sort should

be dear and precious to us," to quote once more from "L'Intelligence de Fleurs." Let us indeed observe and ponder. Let us draw such tentative conclusions as seem most probable, most likely to help us in our work of comprehension; but let us make it evident that these conclusions are no more than makeshifts that must be altered, given up or adopted as further investigation and a wider knowledge give cause. To announce as fact those suppositions that appeal to our personal conviction is a form of insincerity prevalent nowadays and which should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. The personal point of view is permissible to everyone. It is what makes life and intercourse with one's kind interesting and enjoyable. But it remains a point of view and not eternal truth. Haeckel adduces the fact that the processes of conception, gestation and birth are precisely similar with the orang-outang as with man as proof that the ape and ourselves are identical; that we draw from no source that is not his. Yet it is impossible not to note marked differences between ape and man, and differences of a

sort too astounding to be settled by the simple expedient of throwing a few hundred thousand centuries at our heads. To say that in bodily construction the animal and we are one and the same, is only a tremendous argument to prove that something still needs explaining. We must go farther even though we fare worse. The monists, be they Haeckel or Nature Faker, have not said the final satisfying word. Hamlet's attitude is still the wiser, and while we continue to dwell in the midst of mystery the cock-sure bearing ill becomes us. At present, anyhow, the cogitations of a mountain lion about to spring on its prey, or the dreams of a bird on its nest, are beyond our guessing. The primrose by the river's brim must remain a simple primrose to us, even though some writer insist on endowing it with all our sensations and capacities. Nature has maintained so far an inviolance that we should respect, since we have not yet succeeded in breaking it; and our anxiety to surprise her secrets ought not to permit us to insult her dignity.

VISION

THERE comes a day when, although winter's signs are still flaunted abroad; though the hollows are filled with snow, the sky streaked grey and yellow, the trees bare and bent to the wind; though the air is nipping for all your brisk walking; yet that day is a day of spring and not of winter. You come in flushed and bright-eyed to announce it to the group huddled before the comfortable fire. But your herald tidings are received with a sniff of contempt, a telling glance at the window, a silent scorn. Nevertheless, it is the truth —you know it! Somewhere out there you saw her, the Spring. You felt her breath, her fingers clasped yours a moment, for an instant you met her eyes. "Spring has come," you said, and the moment which yields the first flower, the first song, cannot equal this for rapture. It is so inti-

mate, so sacred, so sweet, this discovery of yours. Should they ask, those who have not seen, how you know,—by what signs you found her,—you cannot reply. The vision has blessed you and departed. There are no terms of description for her. But you know.

Perhaps these unnamable convictions are the strongest our hearts experience. They cannot be shaken. There is in them a force quite unknown to reason, a certainty heaped-up proofs could never supply.

We have tried to ticket this power, and, thus labelled, to put it away as done with. Intuition, perception,—there are various words for it. That it is real remains beyond peradventure true. That we do not understand it is true again.

Is it something of our own that we might strengthen and control? Is it an angel who walks beside us, and through whose deep-seeing eyes we may occasionally glance? Is it something we have passed, or something to which we are attaining? We cannot answer.

That it should be trusted is beside the

mark. One cannot help trusting it. The painter knows it. It has snatched the brush from his hand and painted his best pictures, as it has given its own words to the singer. The child holding out his arms to the gruff old customer the rest of us avoid knows it. Do you think it is her narrow creed that has given yonder poor woman the strength to smile at her misfortune, the sublimity of sacrifice she has attained? It is the sweet vision, the mystery she cannot name, which has sustained her. "I have seen the Spring," says her every act. But the onlooker gazing at the snowdrifts and barren landscape has no response save an incredulous smile.

The fairy tales tell of talking animals and trees, of men for whom the silent things are vocal. We all live in a fairy tale far more than in what we are pleased to call the real world, and our happiness depends largely upon our power to comprehend the fairy things that are happening to us. If we listen when the oak commands us to turn to the right, and not to the left, all goes well. But if we perversely refuse to believe

that the oak has any means of address to us, we run counter to the fairy laws and the secret help fails us. If the vision has vanished, of what use is the reality? If the spirit of Spring abide not within you, shall all the flowers and sweet scents and lovely harmonies of May stir you to happiness? It may not be. Of what use is the beauty of a child to one who has killed the fairy child that once walked beside him? Such an one is deaf and blind, for the wicked enchanter has possession of him. But for him who has cherished the vision there lives something of beauty in every child. The spirit of childhood has met him and smiled upon him, and he sees it and draws it forth again to meet him in each child he encounters.

Be this spirit within or without us, it is assuredly only by heeding that we can possess it. If you fare not with open eyes, you will not see the vision. It is a truism that the tramp trudging the dusty highway may be thrice happy, when the plutocrat in his automobile has wretchedness for his companion. It is not what you see and touch

that has power to give you happiness. It is the vision that you carry within you that has power. This vision does undoubtedly make what is lovely lovelier, and the beauty of an Italian lake fairer than a city back-yard. Yet, were it not for the vision, think you the lake would glimmer in so mysterious a way? And but for the vision the dingy strip of flagging would throw a mortal coldness over your heart. It is still the vision that is the reality, and lake and tenement are plastic to its magic touch.

When this power beckons, it is wise to follow; where it forbids, wiser still to hesitate. Though one may not always find reasons in words for obeying, one can always find them in the region beyond words. And it is this region to which we do ultimately belong. Its boundaries are indeterminate, and most of the territory unknown, yet who can deny its immanence? Many, perhaps. But to those who know and have seen, it were as though a crowd of blind men should vehemently deny, to one who saw, that the sun was bright and the earth beautiful.

It is, and must forever be, the unheard melodies which are sweetest, the unseen beauty which is fairest. Not because they are in reality unseen and unheard, but because they are the most truly heard and seen of all. When these fail, it is time to mourn, rather than when material glories fade. You may lose much and recover. But lose the vision, and you cannot recover. Your hold on outside matters should not relax because mysterious arms are held out to you beyond. These evanescent realities are necessary, for the vision must make use of them as materials for incarnation. It is because you have seen the spirit of Spring that the following blossoms and green grass are peculiarly dear. And it is only he who hears the skylark as Shelley heard it who knows the real song of the bird.

In most of us there is a quality that fears or dislikes this strange power. Some among us seem wholly to scorn or hate it. But this is doubtless only seeming, and even the most misprising of us has somewhere a secret recognition of the invisible angel. Is not this terror born of the fear of unreality

before reality, of the impermanent before the permanent, of that which dies before that which lives? And if you see what I cannot see, I may laugh at you, but there will be somewhat of envy mingled with my laughter.

Who can do his best work unless the vision be his? If what seems real were the only reality, there would be little courage in our hearts. It is because we see what is apparently not there that we struggle with the misery of the tenements, that we grapple the prison problem, that we fight the sin in our own hearts. Spring would probably arrive and embellish the earth whether or no any seer lingering in the frozen woods were aware of her impalpable spirit. But there is another spring that would never bloom were it not for this same seer. It is on him that the future of the world depends. On him, who, looking out on the barren land, perceives the subtle change lying so near the surface, catches a glimmer from a light too keen to be visible, harkens to those vital words which transcend human speech. He tills his fields, he

buys and sells, he votes, he works like other men. But, be he millionaire or pauper, President or Socialist, his work and thought are based on broader foundations, have a deeper meaning and more far-reaching effect. The Spring has whispered to him, and he has come in to us with eyes shining at a vision that lends strength to his least effort. We may not believe, but we must follow him, until, some sudden day, the flowering trees and green grass thrust the accomplished fact on our dull senses. The millennium beacons the souls of such men, and they will not let us despair. We must all march onward, keeping time to fairy music whether we hear it or not. For so long as even one among us sees and hears we are safe.

A RECORD OF QUEENS

OF all the beauty, the interest, the wonder and terror this world brings to us from one end of our journey through it to the other, the most amazing thing we encounter is ourselves. Our struggles in our environment, pushed on by an inexplicable fervour, dragged back by failure and impotence, at once so mighty and so puerile, giving each other the cruelest wounds and the sublimest self-sacrifice; now hesitating at nothing to achieve a desired end, again trembling and dismayed before the shadow of an unreality—how unending a source of interest we are to each other! The trouble is that so much of the play takes place behind drawn curtains. Doubtless the hedgerows and byways are filled with romance and secret, astonishing battles are fought out at our very elbows; but the impenetrable veil which hangs between most of us and

the rest of the world—so far, at least, as all save a few intimates are concerned—is not often lifted. We see it stir in the gust of some passion, occasionally a groan or a laugh reveals that there is life behind. Seldom indeed is it torn down so that every one may look for himself—look on at the hopes, the fears, love and hate, the days and nights of another heart. It is with deep and unfailing interest that we gaze, marvelling to find another so unlike ourself, marvelling still more to find him so like—even where centuries lie between his experience of life and our own. So it is that autobiographies, biographies of an intimate, personal sort, letters written to one, but whose seals death has made free to the world, are read with a peculiar interest. Turning over such pages we enter these other lives, our blood pulses with that of the dead writer, so living once, who set down or spoke the words we read while life still drove him along the strange path whose windings and doublings we in our turn pursue.

When these transcriptions of the actual lives of human beings concern themselves

with Kings and Queens, with persons of rank in the world, in art, literature or on the stage, persons who oppose so glittering a front that they disappear in their own radiance from the dazzled stare of fellow-sojourners, this interest deepens. Especially is this the case where women are concerned, perhaps because a woman's life, even when it is lived in the glare of a throne or before the footlights, is still apt to be a more personal, a more passionate and elemental life than a man's. A Louis XIV., a Napoleon, a Frederick of Prussia, is a man —he is even more, an epoch. But Marie Louise, Eugénie, Peg Woffington, Julie de L'Espinasse—these are women, and women only, whatever trappings of royalty or genius may hang upon them. From Sappho down it is always the vivid individual note that is struck—

"Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings,"

says Richard II., about to augment them with his own. But it is the sad lives of

Queens we find told, whenever those lives are truly told. Observing them casually as they perform their set pieces and speak their written parts, they seem a row of gorgeous butterflies shining with colour, velvet of texture, living on flowers and fragrance, knowing only blue skies and summer lands. Yet in these records of witty or beautiful women, often both beautiful and witty, women who plunged into the maelstrom of life, Queens of Tragedy or Comedy, real and make-believe Queens, Queens of their Country, of Society, of the Stage, we find the balance heavy on the side of sorrow. Life plays with them all, and one by one they leave his table losers in the game. Marie Antoinette—how she holds all the winning cards and how she takes trick after trick—her gains heap the table, fall to the floor unheeded, so fortunate she is! And Eugénie, at the head of her gay court of beauties and wits, her hand is royal with trumps. Woman after woman, the long file sweeps by us out of the past, the gleam of life once more alight in lovely eyes—with the rustle and murmur of silks

and voices, the tempest of quick passions and high hopes, the pathetic deaths hushing one after the other. How unlike they are, how infinitely various, yet how they are all bound together by that iron chain of tragedy, gay and smiling though many of them seemed to their contemporaries. The phrase of Madame du Deffant applies but too well: "Life, truly estimated, is capable of only one grand misfortune—itself." She herself had had all Paris could give her, all even that she had asked for. Blind and lonely and old, she sums up living as synonymous with suffering; and from all these brilliant women who drank it like champagne, sparkling against the lips, comes a sigh of Amen.

Anne of Austria, the heroine of Mrs. Grant's "Queen and Cardinal," lives perhaps more vividly for us than many a greater woman because of those inimitable romances which Dumas hung upon some of the events of her life. "The King—the Queen—the Cardinal!" cried Aramis, Porthos, D'Artagnan; and we hear the beat of horses' hoofs through the wild night.

Mrs. Grant does not give us much more history than the famous Frenchman supplied; but we get all we need, for the book's aim is to portray Anne, the woman. It is the neglected wife, the so lonely young Queen, the last object of fiery Buckingham's devotion, the doting mother of the grand Louis, the mistress of Mazarin through many years, whom we are shown. The Court atmosphere has been admirably indicated—the intrigues, the gallantries, the mighty battles over questions of etiquette, the breaking of hearts behind smiling lips. We get the tittle-tattle of the courtiers, we are shown the letters of the Queen, who having learned to love in middle age seems never to have wavered in her devotion. The Cardinal commands her, brow-beats her, brings her to tears: proud Anne of Austria is meek enough with him. Perhaps the author makes too little of the Queen and too much of the woman. In the first part of the book Anne is always royal, but toward the end she degenerates into a plump bourgeoise, fluttering ineffectually between the Cardinal and her son. The book opens with the

description of one marriage between France and Spain and closes virtually with a second. The first time it is Anne coming to be the wife of the thirteenth Louis, who goes off duck-shooting after the ceremony, refusing to have anything to do with his new bride. The last picture is the gallant and handsome Louis Quatorze, just off with his passion for Marie Mancini, riding lover-like beside the young Infanta. Almost half a century lies between these two scenes and the chief part of Anne's life with it. On the whole a gentle, unselfish, but lazy and stupid life. The best in it was her love of Mazarin, whose cold, ambitious spirit made but a chill return. She lived five years after his death, dragging out the last three in a struggle against the horrors of cancer. As to the question of a secret marriage between the two, Mrs. Grant does not attempt an answer; the testimony, she declares, is too conflicting.

In Arvéde Barine's "Princesses and Court Ladies," we get still another glimpse of this Queen. Her charming sketch of the Regency, summed up in the portrait of

Marie Mancini, has a distinction and force quite foreign to Mrs. Grant's work. It is as vivid as a gypsy dance, as entertaining as a fairy tale: The dark-eyed adventuress, full of passion and intelligence; Louis, young, ardent, imaginative; the Queen proud and conscious of her royal blood, loving Mazarin, to be sure, but not losing her queenliness thereby and forcing him to bow to her scorn of an alliance with his house. The Cardinal forbids the marriage, incidentally taking all the credit to himself. Louis submits with tears and threats, Marie fights with fury and wit; then the Infanta rises over the Spanish horizon and the Cardinal wins, though it is only at the last moment, for Marie single-handed is almost a match for the whole of them. The crown of France thus slips from her hands and she finally marries the Connétable of Colonna. First she loves him, then she hates him, and spends a wild adventurous life fleeing from him through half the countries of Europe in every sort of disguise, stirring up convents of peaceful nuns in her meteor transits, rushing hither and thither, disappear-

ing at last and dying no one knows when or how:

"One can imagine her old, with her wild unkempt hair, sordid in her dress, wrinkled, half impotent. Of her lost splendour nothing remains but the fire of her dark eyes. She tells fortunes and the future remains dark. She lives in the past. She takes her guitar, plays and muses. She dreams that once she barely missed being Queen of France."

Queen Christina of Sweden was as adventurous as the Mancini gypsy, for all her royal blood. Her father was the great Gustavus, her mother was a fool and her upbringing an amazing farce. She began by living in books and ended by swaggering over Europe in men's clothes, by murdering a discarded lover, by wrangling for money like a côcher for a pourboire. Insolently witty, scorning her womanhood, passionately egotistical, she gave up her responsibilities as Queen when they bored her and never assumed any others in their place. "The Stroller Queen," she became one of the sights of her time, and crowds waited

at their city gates to see her. But she palled in the course of years and it was with a certain relief that the throng followed the last splendid pageant which saw her to her grave.

With the same exquisite spirit Barine recreates for us an Arabian princess, paints us the Duchesse de Maine and the Margravine of Bayreuth. Princess Solmé, Arab inmate of a harem, runs away with and marries a German. He is killed three years later, and these memoirs voice her Oriental longing for the ways and life of her own people, for the perfumed idleness of the harem, for the clink of bracelets, the fragrant nights and fervid days. This poor little princess lost in a strange land, lost still more utterly when after twenty years she thinks by returning to find her own country—how absurdly pathetic she is, as tragic as any of the rest of these forlorn princesses, who, in the words of Grumkow, "Are born to be sacrificed to the weal of their country." The Princess Wilhelmina to whom these words were addressed certainly lived a life of terror and privation

which no child of the slums who could crawl to the police courts would suffer. Yet she was a sister to Frederick the Great. But old Frederick William, their father, possessed an infinite capacity for making those about him unhappy, a capacity he never neglected. The redeeming thing in her story is the exquisite love which subsisted between brother and sister, enduring till her death. So that for a year thereafter Frederick had but one cry—"In losing her I have lost all."

In a substantial volume of more than three hundred pages we are told of "The Flight of Marie Antoinette." Nor are they any too many for the telling of this colossal failure, with its fatal consequences to almost everybody concerned in it. It is an extraordinary story, full of absurd impossibilities, only they happen to be facts, and reveal inconceivable traits of human nature —a mad tragi-comedy played by doomed Punchinellos and ending in death. After breathlessly watching the almost miraculous escape of the royal family from the palace, where every door is guarded and pages and

ladies-in-waiting actually lie at the feet and across the doorways of their masters and mistresses, we follow the big Berline from post to post. The Comte de Fersen is the magician who brings his beloved Queen and her family safe through the circle of fire; then he has to leave them and his spells fail. Everything goes wrong, and at Varennes, amid flaming torches, excitement, pistol shots, shouts, drunken soldiers and bewildered officials, the escape ends—is proved never to have been an escape. Next we get a glimpse of Paris on finding itself without a King; seething, turbulent, shaking its fist in the face of Lafayette, "who walked quickly along . . . with the bearing of a soldier, dignified, almost gay, towering above the crowd, his face pale and expressionless." The crowd penetrates for the first time into the palace, but it is respectful, curious, amused, not destructive. It jokes with the dismayed postman—"They've gone, leaving no address."

Monsieur Lenotre succeeds in giving us the vibrant atmosphere of the populace with remarkable sympathy, particularly since his

insight into the feelings of the King and Queen is so happy. We pity them, we long for their escape, and yet we understand the driven and desperate people. That pursuit, with the mad riders galloping through the night, crossing each other, falling exhausted, struggling on. Then the terrible return of the poor trapped creatures through a frenzied country, accompanied by murder, riot and outrage. We hear the cries of the little Dauphin, we feel the helpless agony of his mother. As for the King—"that mass of flesh appeared to have no feeling," according to the Deputy Pétion, who formed one of his escort—rather, one of his gaolers. Five days from the night of their departure (June 20th-25th) the royal family re-entered Paris amid crowds vast, silent, hostile. The little journey had turned Marie Antoinette's hair white—"white as a woman's of seventy."

One after another the actors in this drama are followed to their end, usually a tragic one. One falls into a well and dies; another is eaten by wolves. Even Fersen, le beau Fersen, nineteen years to the day on which

he had tried to save his beloved Queen, is torn to pieces by a mob in the streets of Stockholm, revenging on him a crime he had never committed. Varennes itself, the little unknown peaceful town, is ruined from the fatal night when it barred the further progress of its King, and years pass before it recovers. There was never another story like this, and, told as it is here, it wrings the heart.

Mrs. Bearne, in her "Heroines of French Society," gives us the portraits of four interesting and widely different women: Madame Le Brun, the artist; Madame Le Marquise de Montague, an Emigrée and the pink of propriety in a dissolute age; Madame Tallien, a Spaniard both beautiful and gay, who, as the wife of an escaped Aristocrat, though herself a Revolutionist, is about to die on the guillotine when Tallien, master of the Terror at Bordeaux, falls in love with her and makes her his mistress. In the end she reforms and dies a princess. Last there is Madame de Genlis, the mistress of Philippe Egalité and governess of his children. The volume is full of stirring pic-

tures of the Terror and moves with spirit; and by hook or crook all of its heroines escape the guillotine.

Madame Récamier, as painted by David and Gerard, has given lovers of beauty happiness for several generations. Even so she bewitched the people of her own time, and H. Noel Williams presents us with the details of her long queenship of Parisian society. Married to a man old enough to be her father—and by some said to be so, especially as the marriage was merely a nominal one—she began life while the Terror was in full swing. She lived to be admired by Napoleon, to become the friend of Madame de Staël and to be loved by Châteaubriand. She gathered around her one of the most remarkable salons Paris has known. She must have been an exquisite creature, ever more thoughtful of others than herself, even after she had grown blind. "Her history was to be loved," says her friend, the Comtesse d'Hautefeuille. "What other glory is so enviable?"

In "The Life of the Empress Eugénie" and "Women of the Second Empire" we

have two books on the same period, the latter being peculiarly interesting, as it is largely derived from hitherto unpublished MSS. and is written by a man who personally knew, in their grey later years, many of that gay court. Women have always had their fingers in the pie of French politics, and if here, according to Mr. Whiteing's delightful introduction, they played a rather sinister part, it was none the less an interesting one. Probably court life here gave its last great representation on the world's stage. Never will that romantic brilliance, that butterfly wonder hovering over stress and tragedy, that essence of idleness, wit, and intellect, so intoxicating, so dangerous yet so fascinating, exist again. It is not likely that we shall ever return that way.

Jane T. Stoddart's life of the Empress is neither so entertaining nor so brilliant as Loliée's book, but it supplies the connected story, together with many an interesting page on the splendour of the court, and later on the contrast of the Empress's childless and widowed years. We may see in these books the passing of woman's influ-

ence in politics—that is, of the picturesque influence of her smiles, her tears, her beauty, her sex. The cold wind from Prussia blows them all away, withered, dying, extinguished.

One of the most interesting women who have dominated French society is surely Mlle. de l'Espinasse. More than one book has been written around her, but this simple record of her life by the Marquis de Ségur is by far the most interesting of them all. It is breathlessly full of living, yet it follows the so often travelled path of disillusionment and suffering to the grave. She held her radiant court of wit and beauty, she loved and lost, and died broken-hearted.

With Queen Louisa of Prussia we leave France and cross over to its enemy. It is good to get a life of this beautiful woman, so full of dignity and courage, the friend and beloved of her people, the unfaltering helpmeet of her husband through the long troubles of the Napoleonic wars, although the King, harassed by his great foe and in the hands of evil counsellors, was often, to

put it mildly, extremely difficult. She suffered, being great, the pain of having for king and husband a man who was not great. But on the other hand she had the happiness of loving this man and of being loved by him. She carried the sorrows of her people in her heart, but her trust in God was infinite. She wrote from the midst of her losses and defeats, "My kingdom is not of this world." The shadow of Napoleon lay black across her life. As this shadow faded, death laid its hand upon her. She had had a few days of happiness at her father's house, as a little note, the last words she ever wrote, proves. ". . . My dear Father: I am very happy as your daughter and the wife of the best of husbands." This was written on June 28, and on July 18 she died in her husband's arms of congestion of the lungs.

From the real queens we turn, for the last book on our list, to John Fyvie's "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era." There are a dozen of them, and their lives are a strange medley. Tragedy was not always absent even from these stage royalties.

Beauty, charm, wit, and the fervour of life they possessed in abundance. Princes were among their lovers, and more than one married a title. Several died in obscurity and disappointment; but, on the whole, a breath of light-heartedness pervades these stories. The ladies are merry, and it is with a smile that we close the book, half expecting to see it dance a little as we return it to the shelf, chuckling over the wild doings of Peg Woffington and her sisters in comedy. A make-believe queen seems to have rather the better of it in the play of life, perhaps because she is not quite so often called upon to be a make-believe woman. Make-believe, except for children, is a dangerous occupation. Life insists upon reality and achieves it somehow, if it be only through torture and death. The lives of these women were generally sad, but it was this unlooked-for and undesired sorrow that made them real. By it they became actual human beings instead of remaining simply the decorated figure-heads placed by convention at the head of a nation.

LOVE AS A JOKE

FALLING in love, often regarded "as the supreme adventure, the supreme romantic accident," is treated as a joke in Mr. Tom Masson's new anthology, "The Humour of Love." There are two volumes, one for the prose, the other for verse. A large proportion of the community will regard the title Mr. Masson has chosen for his anthology with a good deal of doubt. "The humour of love," cries Strephon, forsooth! taking a long look at the picture of Phyllis in his watch-case. "The Humour of Love?" No, it won't do at all! Here he is, burning with agony, shivering with fear, trembling with ecstasy, or sick with despair; in deep anxiety he is weighing every glance, movement, word. He pants toward the next meeting, ponders over the past one; stands new-born into a strange world, where all

the old values are topsy-turvy and the fresh ones hitherto undreamed of; and behold his divine madness broken in on by two gay little volumes with a ready-prepared chuckle, and Cupid, in cap and bells, perched on a golden heart, decorating their covers. It makes Strephon feel both superior and uncomfortable. As for Phyllis herself? Who can presume to look into her heart as it begins to flutter toward its goal in Strephon's bosom. Scarcely she herself. Yet he who runs may venture to assert that the action, at least to her own mind, is unassociated with any idea of amusement. The books, nevertheless, bear the magic word that makes this amazing world worth while. So Strephon and Phyllis, among the rest, will buy them, having their own opinion of Mr. Masson all the while. To "have your own opinion" of anything always means something derogatory to that thing. And since they are probably reading a good deal of Tennyson just now the descriptive phrase, "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," might occur to them as best suiting that opinion.

But there are some of us who are either not in love or are pretending not to be. Forced to put a smile on our sorry state, we are only too glad of a chance for a laugh at what we secretly envy, and we turn the pages of these volumes with delight. Here is our old friend Jos Sedley—we can have another laugh at him as he flounders in the net of Becky's subtle schemes. And Uncle Toby, planning his campaign against the supposedly unconscious widow, or Artemus Ward indignantly repelling the too ardent Mormon ladies, how they rejoice us! What, by the way, would become of many of our American humourists if reformed spelling became an actuality? Ceasing to be singular in that respect, would not much of their work acquire a sober, scientific cast strangely at variance with their reputations? Like other unsuccessful reformers, the world has elected to laugh at them. Yet transposed into old-style spelling, would not passages of Artemus Ward, for instance, be taken rather seriously than humorously.

"You are a married man, Mr. Young,

I believe?" said I, writing him some free passes.

"I have eighty wives, Mr. Ward. I certainly am married."

"How do you like it, as far as you have got?" said I.

He said: "Middling. . . . I find that the cares of married life weigh heavily on me, and sometimes I wish I'd remained single."

. . . . . .

Mr. Masson himself indulges in a few laughs at Cupid's expense, and incidentally explains his stand:

"It is a threadbare fact that the element of foolishness is paramount in all love matters . . . he won her by the measure of his incapacity, and this is the secret of love's success."

If this be not tragic it is certainly comic, and naturally all the world loves a lover, as it loves any other good permanent joke, even though much of the time the joke is on itself.

But see Phyllis shakes her black, gold, or red head; and Strephon, gazing into her grey, brown, or blue eyes, shakes his.

"This may be humour," says he, "but it love?"

"I am in love, Corporal," quoth my Uncle Toby.

"In love?" said the Corporal. "Your Honour was very well the day before yesterday . . ."

But Uncle Toby is far too much concerned about his red plush breeches to convince either of our friends.

"No, it's only near-love, all this showing by the humourists, from Thackeray and George Eliot to Billy Baxter and Josh Billings. These old men burning for a young coquette, these prigs enamoured of themselves, these masters of strange English talking over the divine passion—pshaw!" exclaims Strephon.

"But how about the poetry volume?" asks Phyllis, blushing a little, for hasn't Strephon just written her the most beautiful poem in the world?

"That's rather better," he answers, looking through it. "Here's 'Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?' which I read you only yesterday. Ben Jonson, too:

"'Beauties, have ye seen this toy
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?'

They are all right. And here's Lowell with 'The Courtin'':

"'He stood a spell on one foot first
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the worst
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.'

Do you know, I felt rather that way before——"

"But why not," says Phyllis, "have chosen from Shakespeare the passage where Beatrice and Benedick fell in love instead of the boisterous fun of Pyramus and Thisbe, since it is the humour of love we're after?"

But, after all, the omissions in an anthology are always its most salient characteristic, and Mr. Masson warns us, in his introduction, which is printed in the second volume, to expect them. There is a lot of fun in the two books, as a glance over the index of authors cannot but show. Surely,

nearly every writer in English who has had a rhymed or prose fling at the passion appears here. The men have greatly the majority, for among the eighty authors quoted barely ten belong to what is evidently the more sober sex. Woman doesn't see the twinkle in Love's eyes; it is the tears which interest her.

"A woman ought to be careful who she marries," said Mr. Dooley.

"So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy, with feeling.

But, on the other hand, Mr. G. K. Chesterton says somewhere:

"Let us be careful about the small things, such as a scratch or a slight illness, or anything that can be managed with care. But, in the name of all sanity, let us be careless about the important things, such as marriage, or the fountains of our very life will fail."

There, so very wonderfully, we are.

MAIA

MAIA—how soft a word, how musical, how mysterious! Maia—Illusion. What should we do without it, how far from ur apehood would we have climbed with- ut the help of Maia? That shimmering ght that has beautified for us so many herwise rough and dreary roads, that ound and fragrance of we know not what at persuades us on. Dangerous it is, but anger never stopped man long. Danger nds the last, the perfect touch—Illusion. t wraps itself about some commonplace erson or thing and straightway behold the mpossible achieved. What fairy tale ever old of metamorphoses half so amazing as hose accomplished by Maia? How many a ilkmaid has she not changed to a princess, ow many a sorry fellow has she not dow- red with the bearing and splendour of a ero? And where, except through the

meshes of her veil, can we see such tender landscapes, such exquisite palaces, grottoes so bewilderingly lovely? Stout Mr. Brown, walking beside Mr. White, sees before him a pebble path ending in a flight of steps, on top of which, framed in the glare of light falling through the doorway, stands his daughter in a fresh white dress, looking sweet and calling a pleasant welcome. But White? White is the prisoner of Maia the enchantress, and he is seeing celestial visions and hearing strains of melody that all the powers of the language were inadequate to describe and which Paradise will hardly equal.

Illusion has many potentialities. To the poet she gives the glory of his song, to the painter the mystery within his picture, to the sculptor she is the divinity that shapes the clay, and without her the enthusiast could never hold to his high aim. Without her they must all stop working. Love clothes himself in her garments and moves in her light. More real than reality, life itself would cease without her help. She is the breath of the soul. We call her Maia, illu-

sion, unreal, unbelievable. But in what do we believe more fervently than on her? It is our illusion about ourselves that permits us to go on undaunted in our extraordinary struggle with the odds against us, the perils that environ us. Our illusion about our work, about our indispensabilty, our illusion—sometimes pathetic, sometimes noble —about others that makes it possible for us to exist. It is illusion that forms the woof of the material out of which we fashion our life. We have our moments, our hours, it may be, of clear seeing—we "see things as they are," we say. But this is as rare as it is usually painful, and perhaps it is not so salutary as we have been led to suppose. If we were obliged to do it constantly, if Maia actually withdrew from the world, could we manage to keep up, to go on? Like wanderers in a desert urged on beyond their strength by the mirage that spreads its fairy loveliness before their dying eyes, we struggle on, gazing at the silver streams and swaying trees, taking one step after another—winning on and on —reaching, who knows, a place of rescue

in the end we never could have reached but for that shadow of beauty and promise that came and went before our dazzled vision.

Who shall dare say that Maia may not prove to be the one great reality? This something in us that sees her gracious form under the rough shapes of the world, that hears her voice calling through the shouts and cries of trouble and confusion—this part of us may prove to be the most enduring and the most important part. We build our souls out of much that the material side of us rejects as absurd, even as non-existent. We call love blind because he sees the beloved as more exquisite than mortal ever was. But though he looks through the mystic eyes of Maia can we be sure he does not see farther than any one else?

"Shocking state the path's in," observes stout Mr. Brown, puffing a bit at the top step. "I must have it seen to at once. How are you, Rosie, child? I've brought White home to dinner; pot-luck, you know."

To White the path has not been shocking.

hite each step has been an enthusiasm,
ıre, and Maia, smiling before him, has
ı a mirage so perfect that he will die
ıin it: nor could all the logic of the
onvince him of its unreality.

THE SENSE OF DUTY

AS there is in the human eye a blind spot, a dead centre, necessary but in itself nothing, so among moral qualities there is a corresponding spot destitute of life, entitled the sense of duty. This sense has, to be sure, received from man a vast amount of praise—worship indeed—and many high-sounding phrases embody the word itself. The one, perhaps, best known, "England expects every man to do his duty," was uttered by a man whom duty swayed not at all, but a passionate enthusiasm, a lofty love and a splendid ambition.

Yet it has come to express Nelson to us and so to add to the misapprehension of what duty really is.

When, in "The Master Builder," Hilda Wangel's impetuous thanks are met by Mrs. Solness's "It is my Duty," Hilda turns

chilled and disheartened. We all un-
nd her feelings. What is done for the
)f duty is the creation of death, not
And the works of death are inimical,
ng with them a touch of poison that
's the heart it touches. The acts oc-
ed by that sense are not born of love
ers, but of love of self. The woman
oes into the slums to work among the
unates there because she conceives it
her duty to do so, will accomplish
g. She may feed some hungry
:hs or clothe a few naked bodies, she
ouse the homeless, yet in the end the
vill be eaten, the clothes in rags, the
; ruined and nothing remain. There
in what she has done no vitality, for
:t that lacks the soul of love is no
than a meaningless gesture, repelling
he most thoughtless.

; sense of duty is not without value.
a negative, resisting force against
we may fashion what is really fine.
'e must keep it in its place. It now
, sick with pride, among the loveliest
ıtes we possess, certain that of them

all it is the most to be desired and the finest to attain.

"It is nine and the beds are not made," it observes sternly. Terrible sentence. We are idling over a charming if unnecessary fire, a wood fire that will only burn for this half hour after breakfast, before we begin the varied occupations of the day. There are curious little blue and green flames jumping up and down on the crumbling log we want to look at carefully, and then there is a delightful glow of warmth spreading up our legs, getting perhaps a trifle too intense, though we cannot be quite sure of that—we need a bit more time to decide. And Duty comes in with that remark and the clock to bear her out.

Or it may be a few of us have gone on a tramp of a golden October afternoon. We have been through woods and over fields, and now, on a western-facing hillslope, we sit down to watch the sunset begin to create glory in the heavens—spread its passionate colour in waving lines from south to north, flood the valley with illusion, burn a more vivid splendour into the frost-turned

leaves; when up steps the member of the party possessed by that devil of a sense and says:

"Come on now, we must start back at once, we've only just time to reach home and get ready for dinner. . . ."

Perhaps this attack on so estimable and revered a quality may cause people to start up with cries of rage and pain. "Where would we be if we sat round on hillsides instead of getting home on time?" "How long should we keep our servants if that were to become the rule?" "If you don't do things when they ought to be done, when on earth are you going to do them?" "You know I always darn the stockings Tuesday morning, so why do you ask me to go out with you—who's to do them, *I'd* like to know?"

It is all unanswerable. You are silent and abashed, but nevertheless an inner wrath consumes you. Because, although you can think of no argument in reply, you feel it is all wrong. These things do not really matter, yet they impose on life to such an extent that they have come to rule

everything. Duty reigns triumphant, loaded with the pots and pans of the world, armed with an overpowering logic and the fatal phrase, Do It Now.

Look at him, she says, her cold and steadfast eyes fastened on the meagre and harassed face of an artist who is bending feverishly over his work, stretching his weary body restlessly, burning the candle of his life at both ends and showing, for his pains, a bare room and a shabby coat. Look at him, that's all, says Duty, with a sniff. If he'd taken me into partnership he wouldn't look like that. I should never have allowed him to fool away the last two months in the country when he ought to have been working. And why did he lend his friend that money? It was none of his affair; he's got just what he deserved. If he had listened to me he wouldn't have all this trouble on his shoulders nor all those lines in his face.

Perhaps. But look here, Duty. What of the things I see about me? What of this statue whose supple and gracious lines breathe a peace and an attainment before

which your accomplishments, your comfort, —look—why, I cannot even see them. What about this song, Duty? how it stirs the heart of the hearer, lifting him into a region where nothing vulgar or cruel may enter, lending him an ardour that sends him on the noble way again, refreshed, remade. And this man, rather scarred and common to the outward eye, yet giving around him in some strange way laughter, happiness, hope where there had been sorrow and darkness. Is he your son, Duty? Are any of these things your work? Are they yours, the kisses that young mother showers on her child, the ardent embrace of those lovers? Yours, this work that was done that another's eyes might brighten with joy, yours. . . .

These apostrophes are doubtless most poetical, observes Duty, but I must be off. I have a young man to keep out of the gin-shop—not that that will interest you.

Hold, Duty. Can you accomplish even so much? Is it you who will keep him out, finally? He may use you for awhile, for you are useful in your way; but it will be

something better than you that must come to help him if he is really to turn his back on debauchery and be a man.

Of course we must have duty to make the chalkmarks for us, to build the walls and run the engines of the world. But she never sang our folk-songs nor erected our beautiful temples, nor met us with a glow of tenderness when we were sick or sad. She never lighted for us the torches of enthusiasm, devotion and rapture that have made it possible for us to traverse the dark valleys of life. Cold water and a timepiece are her adjuncts, a severe brow and an asperity of voice. Though the paths she treads are often difficult enough, no generous ardour leads her there, she is still an egoist. To be sure she keeps us moving at times when our more glorious guides have flown or evaded us. A staff, if not a guidon, we must not despise nor entirely overlook her. But let us beware of allowing her to rule our lives or we shall never live at all. He who remains on the hillside with the sunset while dinner grows cold and you cross may be able to teach you a lesson far worthier

of learning than any you can teach him. Occupied with the daily round, Duty has no time to sit at the feet of the Christ, to seize from the passing hour the precious, immortal moments it may contain, at whatever cost to material comfort or conventional usage. Yet leave these moments out of life and how vast is the loss. Time and tide wait for no man, we are told. Well, what of it? Let man take the gifts they bring as they pass, and he will rule them and not they him. Duty, narrow in heart and mind, speaks to him only in the language of mortality. And who that has indeed warmed himself before the fire of life but knows that language to be incapable of speaking even one of the great words that interpret the soul. Let Duty be his handmaid, by all means. But the princess of his heart must be of a diviner heritage, must come of an immortal strain.

ADVICE TO A GIRL

YOUTH, poised on perilous tiptoe above the abyss of the world, how many are the warnings shouted to you, how unlimited the help offered to you, how firm the pointing, numerous fingers indicating the safe steps, the comfortable bridge which you must take or else—— Ah, what else? says eager youth, looking brightly down into the dusky depths. What goes on there amid the roar of cataracts, the dust of endeavour, the turmoil of struggle?

In the ages since Aristotle it has not become advisable to change the descriptive phrase, "Man is a political animal," to "Man is a political angel." Nor have the counsels of a thousand aunts and uncles succeeded in keeping their nieces and nephews between the hedges so industriously planted by woodland wanderers returning from adventurous forays beyond the dim

horizon. Blessed immutable human nature, whose great privilege it is never to learn by the experience of others. Is not the background of life hazy with waving, warning hands? Does not echo come burdened with ancestral voices prophesying destruction unless, etcetera? And do we not each go on with the sublime scramble up our lonely trail with slight care for the blazes of the preceding generation?

. . . . .

There is a soft spot in the human heart for the platitude. Lincoln's dictum applies here as in so many other cases. I remember a book called "Leila on the Island," which tells of a girl who was shipwrecked, together with her father and properly aged nurse, on an island provided with all the accessories which islands in the line of wrecks possess. Many and many a time as a child did I go through the pages of that book spellbound alike by the miraculous achievements of the island and the sonorous periods of the father's advice to his daughter on life and religion. If only, thought I, my father would talk to me like this, how

wonderful it would be and how noble my life would become. But I never dragged any lofty talk out of my father, though my actions, certainly more criminal than Leila's, surely offered sufficient opportunity. I do not remember that he even once sadly shook his head and addressed me as "My poor, innocent child," the so constant and delightful practice of Leila's excellent papa.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,"

has thrilled more hearts than

"O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge—I have none,
And yet the Evening listens,"

because platitude always wins over poetry. Perhaps young-eyed childhood sees poetry in everything. As has been said, "The starry enthusiasm of the bore is not without a certain poetry; it is the bored who is utterly prosaic." The fresh spirit of youth finds even in husks a fragrance as of rose

petals, and in the most platitudinous of books a hint of fairy tale and wonder.

These reflections evolved in me after looking through one of those volumes dedicated to imparting advice to the young, and especially to the young woman, which are more or less epidemic to the book trade. Countless respectable old ladies derive a great deal of comfort from books of this sort, and if in the unregenerate their tendency is to arouse one of those desperate desires—desires to which circumstance usually opposes an impregnable barrier—which a lifted forefinger does somehow occasion, yet these books have a certain value in that they shadow out their generation to quite a remarkable degree. For instance, there is on my shelves a stout maroon-coloured volume entitled "The Young Ladies' Book," and printed many years ago in England. It was presented to me on my fifteenth birthday by an elderly Englishman with a deep voice and an intimidating manner, who expressed the conviction that if American young women would conform to the teachings of its many pages, America

would be a far pleasanter place for a self-respecting man to inhabit.

At the time I relegated the book to some unget-at-able spot, but nowadays I often spend a pleasing hour poring over its quaint advice, its lost-in-the-past rules. I delight in its chapters on deportment, breathing a scent of lavender and leisure, its hints on the raising of canaries, on singing, sketching, and needlework.

"No young gentlewoman will neglect this genteel occupation, at once so fitted for the fireside and so conducive to a useful and well-ordered habit of mind."

Pages, too, of advice on parish work and visiting, and recipes for the *toilette*. A gentle intimation that "a young, unmarried lady should not attract attention to herself by loud or excessive conversation, nor yet by asserting opinions that might possibly be contrary to those held by older and wiser persons." Nay, she should seek to efface herself by "a modest and retiring manner that will not be found lacking in its effect on the opposite sex—or on such members of it as possess sense and discretion."

Shades of Thackeray and Trollope! We have spun a long way down the ringing grooves of change since such pages could guide the young woman to a proper expression of herself. And where more easily can we read the proofs of this journey than in the present-day compilations directed to the same end?

Nowadays she is told how to behave in the office to which she almost invariably gravitates. How to defend herself against undue rudeness or familiarity, and yet hold down her job. She is told how to acquire a fund of small talk, evidently an indispensable requirement in a society that appears to exist solely because of an entire absence of brains. Noise there must be, and she must contribute her share. She is coached in bridge, she is informed how to dress appropriately for business or the opera; how to travel alone. The home circle is not often alluded to, seems indeed chiefly remarkable for its distance, like the views from advertised hotels. Yes, there is plenty of evidence that the girl to-day is a very different creature from herself of fifty years

ago. But these books have one thing in common. It is an unmistakable attitude, a timidity, a bearing that makes them more acceptable to the old ladies aforesaid than to the young to whom they are addressed. Youth will continue, as ever, to seek the knees of the rough old teacher Life, and to struggle to force from her slow lips the few but unforgettable words which she at times vouchsafes. These books register those changes which have come about because they themselves were steadily ignored; for advice and precaution are not the elements out of which man fashions his life. The conservative is doomed to remain forever in the attitude of uplifted hands and open mouth which the forward turning of the world imposes upon him. Though he may seem to the conservative who preceded him a daring and abandoned creature, he is really quite the same. It is the world that has changed, that has hung a new cloak on him and given him other words to clothe the old ideas. But this change in his garments and his language tells us much of that world he is always trying to cramp

and to retard. The chameleon among us, he remains essentially the same, while taking the colour of the generation upon which he rests. Change and growth are the only realities, which he, like a mirror, reflects, remaining himself unaffected. So that these books on etiquette, on social customs, and the proprieties of life, have a quite peculiar charm, providing, as it were, the quicksilver to spread on the glass through which we are observing life, and giving us thus a reflection of our own phase as interesting as it is true. Because the spirit of such a book as "The Letters of a Business Woman to Her Niece" is identical with the spirit informing the "Young Ladies'" book of two generations ago, the difference in its material expression will tell us as much as the cleverest novel of life and manners, and will do it so unconsciously as to be perhaps the more valuable of the two. Human nature is the terrible bugaboo of this kind of book, but human nature somehow shines through them. Where would be the use of all these rules and regulations were it not, of course, for human nature? The young lady in ma-

roon sitting with demure looks over her needlework and going her neat round from morning to night doubtless had her own difficulties with it. There are things more enthralling than bridge, warmer and more vital than systems and conventions. Our pulses stir, our eyes brighten, we fill our lungs with the breath of life. We claim the immemorial privilege, and leaving our volume of advice in the hands of our grandmother, who doesn't need it and therefore approves of it, we go forth to assist in building the new world forever awaiting us. The rules contrived to keep our adventurous prehistoric sister in her cage failed, even as these present rules promulgated against our own liberty must also fail. No little horde of maxims will succeed finally in preaching down a life. But the constant makeshifts forced upon the users of these futile weapons are interesting to observe, nor do they lack in material for humour.

CINDERELLA

TRY to tell the child who comes to your knee for a story something other than Cinderella or Red Riding Hood or the thrilling account of how you hurt your "fumb," with all the bloody details he knows by heart and utterly loves. Try to tell these well-known tales in new words, or to vary by so much as a single added rat the description of Cinderella's coach, or by the slightest quaver your famous imitation of the wolf's howl. Omit if you dare one commiserating word from the doctor's remarks on dressing your afflicted member; do any of these things, and see how that child will behave. You won't try it again.

The desire to hear the same stories—there is a group of them—in approximately the same words, is a desire that never dies out of the human heart. With what a wild delight we follow the devoted Oswald and the

unfortunate Amanda through their so intimately known trials to the so thoroughly foreseen finale. With what touching rapture we applaud that delicious familiar embrace, in the limelight just before the last curtain. What pleasure equals the so thrilling one of beginning once more, between other covers and under a new title—for so much our maturity demands—that first chapter describing the poor and lovely heroine, the cruel, rich relations, the adumbrated Prince. Blessed Cinderella! She is our first and dearest. Trusting innocence confronting the perils of the world and issuing from between their jaws unharmed, neither older nor wiser—Red Riding Hood comes next. Close behind labours the simple unvarnished tale of personal adventure; of clean, carefully posed, copyrighted experience, the story that bears the same relation to life as a J. G. Brown newsboy does to his alien namesake of the street.

We have the same demands in our age as in our childhood—we want that cheerful "and they lived happy ever after," heaps of jewels and chests of gold continue to

attract us, and if we seem to desire a bit more of the romantic than in our earlier days, yet it is still a romance not too close to reality, having but the slightest relation to our own human nature. And humour? We want that brightly labelled, with a white and scarlet grin not unlike that worn by the clown who used to gladden our circus days. These modifications are slight and the main fact is certain. We want the same old stories created after a pattern whose least detail is known to us. We like to know what to expect and not to be disappointed in those expectations. Those details, each least one of them, how beloved they are! When once again the heroine draws her slight figure to its full height, we sigh with satisfaction. When she spurns her rich suitor with the words, "Rather death than dishonour," we glow with the fine reflected virtue. When the hero exclaims, "No man can insult a woman in my presence and live," we simply stand up and shout—it's all too splendid! Then when the father relents and draws her to him with that broken "Me chield," the tears rush to our eyes, and we lay down the

book with a sense of having got all we asked for. It goes on the shelf with the long, long line of its fellows, reaching back into the dusky past, spilling over beyond the moment when books began, merging with the tales told by dark Arabs, making strange and graceful gestures as they stood in the centre of a silent ring of their comrades, silent unless the story teller should slip on a phrase or an incident and rouse a quick comment, a sound of dissent. But he does not often slip; the tale is too well known, has been too often repeated. And we, taking up book after book, are as little likely to have to record any innovation or to be jarred by any real divergence. The presses turn out the completed ones in their bright new covers, the authors take up the blank pages on which they will transcribe those still to come, and the critics thump the tom-tom and blow on the pipes and clash the cymbals with quite the delightful fervour of a group of Oriental musicians, who burst into sudden sound and fury from some arched doorway in a narrow street, and as suddenly, as unaccountably, sink back into

silence. Nothing could be pleasanter than the whole affair from beginning to end. Everyone gets what he wants, and no one seems to lose. A prize in each package! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and buy any book on the table. Here they are, the romantic, the adventurous, and the plain and straightforward; also in combinations to suit every taste.

So the ladies and gentlemen step up in their hundreds and thousands to buy Cinderella and Red Riding Hood and the story about the cut thumb. See how pleased they all are, and listen to the glorious thump-thump, clash-clash, and wrirr-wrirr of the critics. How it helps to drown the sighs and sounds of struggle that might otherwise insist on getting themselves heard, and how completely it banishes thought, with all its burdensome concomitants, out of the minds of the readers. Please tell me a story before I go to sleep, begs the child, its eyes shining as you begin the well-known incidents. And please tell us a story to keep us asleep, cry the ladies and gentlemen.

But the children have an advantage, nor

is it one lacking in importance. With the child it is a pure and strong imagination that makes one story sufficient for him. Into that he can throw all of mystery, wonder, rapture, and adventure. The words are wings which take him far on strange and varied journeys. But with those who are not children it is rather a fatal lack of imagination, a lassitude of mind, a vacancy of emotion, that is signalled by this continued love of Cinderella. They don't want to be forced out of themselves, they do not wish to contend with the great thoughts and powerful feelings that shake the little world. Don't disturb them, don't excite them; what they want is to sleep—hush now, and begin

"Once upon a time——"

THE VALLEY ROAD

THERE are expanses of sea and land that impose on the spirit a weight of grandeur, that shape it, as it were, after their own image, extending it beyond its mortal limit, deepening its shadows, heightening its sublimities, lifting it into a region wonderful and fine, yet where each breath comes with an effort, where each moment is an exhaustion. For a while you become one with the sombre and intense beauty, living a moment of supreme ecstasy. But then the weak and ineffectual wings of exaltation flutter and droop. The ether is too rare; one cannot longer sustain one's self therein; one becomes oppressed and faint.

There are also smiling and gentle views, lake and wood, hills against an evening sky, the glow of dawn behind dark pine trees, golden wheat fields, laughing brooks that do but soothe and caress the spirit. With

these one may live year after year, continually refreshed, continually discovering some new loveliness, never overawed, never utterly swept from one's mooring, keeping firm hold of the thread of personality. And if one requires sublimity and terror to teach the immensity of the Eternal plan, the huge scope of the Universal Spirit, one needs, too, the more tender and charming reminders of the essential helpfulness and simple friendliness in life.

As with the objects of the visible world, so also with the creations of the imagination. There are those works of art which speak in the voice of passion and genius of the great elemental things of life, and others which murmur, as though in the tones of a friend, of the usual facts of existence. We read "Macbeth," and from the instant when the wild heath and fantastic witches create for us the conception of a man struggling under the dominion of a fierce and ungoverned imagination, giving us, as it were, the very reflection of his soul, to that last battle against supernormal odds, we move amid the desolate mountain

peaks and precipices of the human spirit. The reading of such a thing is like hewing a road into the depths of the vast and mysterious forest by which we are surrounded. We penetrate some distance, we hear voices that half reveal what lies yet further on. But we must return to live in the valley, the sunshine, to breathe again the spring air and hear children laughing at their play. Perhaps Charles Lamb has given us more work of this friendly and intimate nature than any one else. One feels the personality, the very warmth of the hand-clasp, the intimate look and smile.

It is this gentle and brotherly note which is struck by Arthur C. Benson. His books do not impress one with any dominant beauty or soul-piercing passion; but they get themselves loved. You read them with an ever-increasing admiration. They do not, it may be, tell you anything you do not already know, but they remind you of many things which you are glad of knowing and which you need to remember. Life is after all made up chiefly of simple things—what else does the old story of the handful of

dust mean? And it is good to emphasise this fact. Nor is a hint of the more subtle and mysterious pressure exerted upon us altogether lacking in his essays and stories.

He employs an infinite detail in his work, a detail which is not wearying, which is, on the contrary, as comfortable and satisfying as a wood fire on a rainy day. The mystery of pain and loss constantly engages Mr. Benson's attention. He will not believe that there is not a Divinity moving toward ultimate, perfect good, and yet he cannot understand why it should so often move by the slippery, weary road of suffering. Constantly in his writings you meet the question and the wonder. The answer he gives us is not so definite. He opposes a simple faith, a childlike optimism, to whatever doubt is stirred up in his heart. He does not take the question into the depth of his spirit, but holds it off, throwing about it such beauty of sacrifice, gentleness, spiritual peace as he sees engendered by it.

If, however, we come to believe that the object of life is not so much the acquirement of happiness as the building of a

human soul, then, too, we may see that the mixed and sad and turbulent elements that enter into it are perhaps more fortunate than we conceive of. To a backward glance much is revealed that was hidden when it stood face to face with us: and were we not so fearful of suffering we might attain to a more perfect apprehension of its value. After all, it is doubtful if any one would be willing, even had he the power, to erase from his memory the sorrow and pain which he has endured. It is too much his own, the dearly won child of his soul.

Mr. Benson's philosophy is carried along on the quiet flow of his humour much as the silver current of a river bears a boat insensibly but surely. His insight into human nature is keen, and he has a wise tolerance for faults and an amused smile for foibles. As you read him you are aware of a distinct gain. You are in the company of a mind pure and serene, of a heart that understands much and is tender to all. Something precious has been imparted to you, and you are the better for the hours spent in reading these books.

Sometimes in walking through an unknown bit of woodland one chances on a dark and quietly serene pond, a pool amid the trees that looks small and shallow, and hardly draws the eye from the flickering sun and shade playing their immortal game of hide-and-seek over the tree trunks and through the shrubbery. Yet, should one pause and look down into the brown water one presently finds it a difficult matter to resume the tramp. The pool holds you. Its golden reflections, its peace, its mysterious silence, mean more from moment to moment. The woods you have been walking through are lovelier seen through its revealing medium. There is the exquisite tracery of a bough against the sky, here a gleam of scarlet on yonder wayfaring tree that you would have passed unnoticed. It may be that the pond brings to you nothing which you might not have seen for yourself. But you see it all now through the clear beauty of its own observation with an addition of tranquillity in itself a beauty. It is no longer woods and leaves and cloud you see, but their spiritual expression. As

the pool holds in its heart the essence of summer and winter, transmuting them into something pure and magical, so does this author gather into his books the simple surrounding facts of life, and holding them in the solution of his imagination, make spiritual truth of them.

THE BURNING BUSH

BOOKS and books—and here and there one which, for some or another reason, makes a commotion; gets talked about, gets advertised, gets discussed, succeeds even in getting read. Three in particular have of late been the subject of many persons' attention; letters and editorials have appeared about them in the daily press, and there has been much praise and a vast amount of thought heaped upon them. There is also a fourth book, which has been neither so widely advertised nor so enthusiastically discussed as the others; of which, indeed, people seem to have nothing whatsoever to say.

The first three books owe their existence to women. Women who, while being Americans, are yet intimately acquainted with English and Continental society, who have lived abroad almost as much as at

home, and who are thoroughly cosmopolitan. They are, moreover, women whose minds are trained and keen, who possess the habit of wit and are masters of the technique of their art. They stand in the front rank of the writing millions, and their work commands a wide public and a serious attention. Each has, of course, her special champions, but all three belong to the reading public. The last book is by a man, a foreigner, and concerns itself with a country far from our own.

Two of the women, Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Atherton, are noticeably inspired by the intellect rather than the emotions, and the deep impression made by them is a subtle criticism on the present phase of our life; for in the chorus of praise they evoke one detects no sense of something not there, no shiver of an acknowledged chill. Mrs. Atherton has a tendency toward politics, picked up apparently in England, a tendency evident in several of her books, and forming the basis of the present volume, "Ancestors," a book written to prove that America is as fair a field for an ambitious

man as England, even when that ambition turns to political achievement. Politics in her hands does not, however, become a factor in developing the human being; it is not a living force, but a game to be played, with or without honour, according to the character she is depicting. The heroine of this story is a self-contained, self-satisfied young woman, who, after a slight but unfortunate experience and some superficial observation of life, discovers that love is apt to be associated at one time or another with sorrow or unrest. She therefore concludes to put it away and to lead a life entirely within herself. And though the dénouement of the story is seemingly intended to show that love is too strong for her, it does not actually succeed in so doing. We remain convinced that she is quite safe against any disturbance; her particular and personal ambition will continue to be her chief aim and sensation. Mrs. Atherton gives us a graphic picture of the cataclysm of earth and fire that sweeps through San Francisco; but even the suspicion that such upheavals are possible to the human heart

would appear strangely out of place in regard to any of the cleverly drawn characters who contribute their assistance to this story. We indeed get no more than a drawing-room acquaintance with any of Mrs. Atherton's characters. She reveals nothing of the inner springs of their life which we might not ourselves discover in the ordinary intercourse of society. They are simply people whom we meet, to whom certain things occur, and who thereupon cease to be—as far as we are concerned.

Mrs. Wharton writes with a more deliberate art, with a satisfying finish. She is wholly devoid of humour, but humour as an asset in the world amid which her creations move would be absolutely undesirable. These people must take each other and be taken with the utmost seriousness. One whole-hearted laugh would melt their icicle existences entirely away.

One enters here in quietness, admiring the chiselled perfection of the archway, the careful poising of stone on stone, the measured proportions and balanced spaces. The acoustic properties of this theatre are excel-

lent, and we hear every whisper of the actors who play their carefully thought-out parts with careful discretion. There will be no shrieks, no mess, no broken heads or hearts. Even if there is at times an appearance of these distressing relics of primitiveness, we know it is only an appearance. The dagger is at most driven into a sawdust heart, the scream is modulated to accord with the orchestral accompaniment. The play being over, we applaud, we rise, and we depart precisely as we entered.

Whether Mrs. Wharton could draw another type of men and women is neither here nor there. That there are a great many persons who move through just such a world as she depicts, and manage this big business of living just as she indicates, is assuredly true. It all exists, and Mrs. Wharton is interested in its portrayal. She does it excellently, if somewhat self-consciously, and we must needs be grateful, in a hurried age, for evidences of a love of perfection for its own sake.

Some one has said, "Never make a general statement about women, because at

most you know a hundred or two, and the other millions probably don't in the least resemble any of your particular collection." But one may perhaps venture on a generalisation of Mrs. Wharton's women, the women she is making familiar to us in one book after another; the women she has drawn with a fine point, decisively, yet with an extraordinary lack of sympathy. These women are creatures of the intellect, and the passions which disturb the current of their cold-flowing lives are of the mind, not of the heart. One suspects it is boredom which has thrown them into the arms of their lovers, when such a consummation occurs, rather than any overpowering emotion. It is never the madness of love which has swept them over barriers, good or evil, but an obsessing weariness, a smallness of soul which can discover in the legitimate acts of life neither their beauty nor their greatness. These women express not excess, but emptiness. Having nothing within, they cannot become conscious of anything without. Their acts leave one unmoved. One does not care whether one of them dies

in a garret or marries the rich Jew. It is immaterial whether another deserts her husband or sacrifices herself for her son. It doesn't matter to us, because we are instinctively assured that it doesn't matter to them. They would care very much if they were made to appear ridiculous or underbred; above all, they do not want to lose caste, and appearance is the gigantic fetish of their lives, the great pseudo-fact which sways the currents of their white blood.

In her last book, "The Fruit of the Tree," Mrs. Wharton uses the dramatic situation in which the opposing ideas represented by labour and capital now stand in such clear definition as the background on which to spread the web of her plot. The plot itself poses an ethical question which it answers in so far as to make the taste of the fruit bitter in the mouth, but, with that artistic restraint which Mrs. Wharton can always be depended upon exercising, the answer is not crammed down the reader's throat.

The great fault of the book is its life-

lessness. That background of workers at the mills is never a living, breathing entity. They never speak a conscious word nor make a passionate gesture; the whole crowd of them remains curiously, extraordinarily non-existent. There is a lot of pother over them, and persons rush hither and thither and do this and that simply because of them. But the impression produced is more farcical than moving, for it is as though all this agitation were conducted in behalf of silhouettes painted on a screen. We are told of the sorrows and trials of these silhouettes, but somehow the inner conviction of their being no other than moving shadow-shapes persists. The actual characters of the story are put before us with a finesse and surety that is delightful in its effect of art. You have no slightest affection for any of them, but you do have a keen interest in observing the thoroughly capable manner in which they are handled, as well as the consummate knowledge displayed by the author in regard to what should be left out. The book seems, indeed, to be written largely to exploit this power, and we recognise the suc-

cess of the attempt with pleasure. Only we must deplore the fact that in the process some things which, however coarse and awkward, are yet extremely necessary, have also been excluded—if so be they ever really attempted an entrance into this literary Faubourg. The great sob and struggle of the upward movement of the world, now beginning to beat almost terribly against our consciousness, finds no least echo in the pages of this book, that is yet supposedly built upon it.

As cleverness is the presiding genius that sits at Mrs. Atherton's elbow, keeping one constantly responding to the digs and winks, if one may speak vulgarly, of its sparkling personality, so with Mrs. Wharton it is breeding. Breeding is, as it were, a luxury of hers, a cult, and one is subconsciously and yet constantly aware of her behind the book, seated in a graceful and composed attitude, while she arranges the incidents and characters according to her intricate and curious design. There is a feeling, not too insistent, of a hovering butler only waiting the sound of a bell to

hasten up and remove all signs of this intrusion of the outer world. Then the embroidered portieres fall and exquisite harmony once more resumes control. The book has been finished; no one has talked loudly nor gesticulated violently; it has all been so perfectly and tactfully managed, even though concession was made to popular prejudices and some rather rough customers let in.

Mrs. Burnett is both more simple and straightforward and more rounded than either of the preceding writers. She is able to create a sweet, sympathetic, and living personality. Such a woman as she draws in Emily, in "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," has a quality peculiarly vital and lovable. She produces upon you a distinct and lasting impression—you do not forget her. This is where Mrs. Burnett differs from either Mrs. Wharton of Mrs. Atherton—that you grow fond of her characters. In "The Shuttle" she has not perhaps equalled the achievement of "Lady Walderhurst," but you respond to her characters. You like her heroine, too flawless

though she is; you like the latter's sad little sister and the hero and the minor personages, particularly the travelling man from America who sells typewriters and butts into the story on an overset bicycle with all his slang and good-nature and shrewdness thick upon him. These people all know how to love each other; their sorrow, their passion, are real—you, too, feel them. Mrs. Burnett may do things her two sister-writers would never do—but then she also does things they never can do. She makes you feel, she brings tears to your eyes, and after you have finished one of her books you sit awhile and ponder over this strange human nature, capable of such blunders and such heroism. You have learned something, not because you have been told anything new, but because of the fact that you have been made to feel; and it is only through feeling that the soul progresses.

Mrs. Atherton has a restless, eager mind, the mind of an unsatisfied woman touched with a weary cynicism that finds everything in the world a little faded. She expresses that phase of present-time womanhood

which seeks to fulfil itself solely through the intellect, which, yielding to a cheap disillusion, puts aside the emotional life as a thing unworthy itself and fills up the vacuum that ensues with a quantity of words.

Mrs. Wharton impresses one chiefly with her immense artistic taste, her frequent brilliant wit, and a somewhat bourgeois aloofness from the common herd that seeks to hide even from itself by a prolonged stare into the unpleasantness of this underworld. One recognises the influence of Henry James on her technique, but inspirationally she occupies the opposite pole from him, for whereas he concerns himself solely with the spiritual processes, the inner life of his characters, Mrs. Wharton's probe reaches no farther than to the idiosyncrasies and little outward manifestations that differentiate man from man.

But Mrs. Burnett has a heart. She runs to meet the men and women of the world from whatever direction they may be coming because she loves them; and for that same reason they end by telling her secrets that the other two will never hear and can-

not guess, even as in the old fairy tales the trees and animals told marvels to the simple and loving child which they forever withheld from her far cleverer and more splendidly attired, but unsympathetic sisters.

. . . . .

And the fourth book? It is the story of a peasant woman, a handful of rough Russian workingmen, the dreary background of a factory town, the hopeless struggle of a little band of seeming visionaries against overpowering odds. Yet by some singular magic we are given in this simple story the soul of humanity with all its elements of beauty and ugliness; and the ugliness is so illumined by the immense comprehension of genius that before even the most brutal acts we are filled with a terrible pity, a new understanding of the secrets of life. Before the sublime honesty and tenderness of the look that questions her Life has dropped her mask, showing at once her grimmest wounds and her purest beauty. In the acts and words of these few poor persons we realise the tragedy and triumph of man. And though the story is one of suffering, of

pitiful outrages and death, yet somehow, and despite the cry for help that rings in the heart, it is a joyful, a glorious story. It tells the old and ever-new tale of the soul's awakening, of how for the sake of a great idea a man will lay down his life, will even live in pain and horror with a high heart and a noble courage. Warm with the knowledge of such a truth, we can turn our faces to the sun and lift our head; for whatever else betide, this, too, is.

In the *Mother* Maxim Gorky has made the heroine of his book we watch the creation of a human soul in the dull body of a peasant woman. No creation is possible except by love, and it is the awakening of love in the stunted darkness of the terrible life led by the working classes of Russia that brings about the mysterious birth. At first this new soul is timid, weak, uncertain, a frail child hardly conscious of itself. But slowly it grows into the perfect mother-soul that knows nothing of fear, that is stronger than the whole world, because it loves all the good in that world as its own

child, that is as certain in its every act as is the operation of those tremendous laws that swing the universe.

Yet this woman, so exquisite, so noble, so simple, is only the symbol Gorky uses to express the new-born spirit of Russia. Infinitely gentle and loving, infinitely powerful, this spirit has realised itself. And in this book, in the words which these people say to each other, as in their manner of meeting everything that comes to them; in their smiles, their playfulness, their joy, their courage and conviction, you see this soul, this mother-soul, turning to the uncomprehending world with a gesture so tender and so strong that nothing will be able to resist it.

Suffering, pain, and insult meet the men and women of this story as they struggle along, toiling, dying. But should you pity them, they say:

"We are already rewarded for everything; we have found a life that satisfies us; we live broadly and fully with all the power of our souls. What else can we desire?"

A sentence, a word, and we understand a generation.

"'The History of Slavery' Yefim read out again, and asked Pavel: 'Is it about us?'"

The mother, speaking of some one, says: "I'm so afraid of that man. He's just like an overheated oven. He does not warm things, but scorches them."

And this wonderful description: "You have nothing to tell me, nothing. My heart is so—it seems to me as if wolves were howling there."

On every page there are sentences that write themselves in the heart. A lofty poetry inspires them, and at the same time something intimate and homely. Everything is new, and yet everything seems to have been yours always.

Things happen in this book that should never be allowed to happen anywhere at all. They are awful, impossible, one cannot bear them, lost in the comfortable dream that all is for the best:

"'And when you wake up,' continued the Little Russian, '. . . and look around

you, you see it's all filthy and cold. All are tired and angry; human life is all churned up like mud on a busy highway, and trodden under foot.'"

Out of the dust of labour and the water of affliction the characters of this book are created; but they are created by love, a love wedded to wisdom, and they bear within them the sign of the eternal. It is the groping, striving, pathetic, suffering soul of us all that Gorky uncovers, with its blind hate and supreme love, its stupid mistakes, its insight like the beam of a searchlight through thick night, its childishness, its profundity, its astounding hope, its desperate weariness. And in spite of failure and prison and death, the spirit of the book is yet one of splendid joy. It takes the heart like a great melody and sweeps it to the fine heights of life. It seems to throw an arm about you and to smile into your eyes. No one can read it and remain exactly as he was. Something very beautiful is met in it, so beautiful that it seems as though you had seen something quite new. It is like meeting Christ, full of strength,

smiling, understanding everything, after a long time of noise and confusion and bitterness. For in Russia, side by side with the greatest cruelty and depravity, the grossest stupidity, there is a spiritual force, a pure understanding, a perception of essential truth and good, and an utter simplicity in accepting personal suffering for the sake of their ultimate victory, existing nowhere else. This book, although it belongs to the whole world, could have been written only by a Russian. Inspired by an ideal of freedom based on love, these men and women, once brutal, coarse and stupid, each isolated in a terrible mud-hole of his own, have attained an elevation so lofty that only the purest ether surrounds them. There is no longer any obstruction, and soul recognises soul with scarcely any interference from the body. Only the highest breeding is capable of such sincerity and simplicity as they manifest, and the wisdom which they speak from the warm depths of their hearts cannot be surpassed by the loftiest intelligence.

Maxim Gorky has revealed to us a new

world, a world already forming in mankind. He has done this in words so plain, with the assistance of characters so simple, that we only gradually understand what is being accomplished. But in the end we see that it is genius by whose side we have been walking. Genius alone has the power of reading the words God writes within us and speaking them again so that all may hear. Few of us know, or at least remember, that there are such words to interpret. We are aware only of the outer pages, of the manifold sentences we have ourselves written and wrapped about us, and when these sentences are unrolled and repeated to us we welcome them eagerly and understand them readily. So that those persons of instruction and talent who spend their time upon these outer husks are sure of a speedy recognition and alert attention. Of such are the three writers first discussed in this paper. Of these three Mrs. Burnett's book comes nearest the centre of life, is less self-conscious, less egoistical. It is spontaneous, it has grown, in contradis-

tinction to the other two, which have been distinctly made.

But Gorky's book opens for us the everlasting gates and draws from living waters. We are richer and happier after having read it. It answers once more, powerfully and nobly, that question old as the human race—"Am I my brother's keeper?" It answers it by showing you the heart of that brother, which is no other than your own heart, and saying quite simply: Behold! he loves you—or, if he does not, it is because as yet he does not understand.

"Everybody loves what is near," says the Little Russian, "but to the great heart what is far is near also."

JUN 1 2 1950